

WALL STREET

ORIGINAL STORY AND SCREENPLAY BY
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EXT. WALL STREET - EARLY MORNING

FADE IN. THE STREET. The most famous third of a mile in the world. Towering landmark structures nearly blot out the dreary grey flannel sky. The morning rush hour crowds swarm through the dark, narrow streets like mice in a maze, all in pursuit of one thing: MONEY...CREDITS run.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - EARLY MORNING

We hear the ROAR of the trains pulling out of the station. Blurred faces, bodies, suits, hats, attache cases float into view pressed like sardines against the sides of a door which now open, releasing an outward velocity of anger and greed, one of them JOE FOX.

EXT. SUBWAY EXIT - MORNING

The bubbling mass charges up the stairs. Steam rising from a grating, shapes merging into the crowd. Past the HOMELESS VETS, the insane BAG LADY with 12 cats and 20 shopping bags huddled in the corner of Trinity Church...

Joe the Fox straggling behind, in a crumpled raincoat, tie askew, young, very young, his bleary face buried in a Wall Street Journal, as he crosses the street against the light.

JOE

Why Fox? Why didn't you buy...schmuck

A car honks, swerving past.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Cavernous modern lobby. Bodies cramming into elevators. Joe, stuffing the newspaper into his coat, jams in.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Blank faces stare ahead, each lost in private thoughts, Joe again mouthing the thought, "stupid schmuck", his eyes catching a blonde executive who quickly flicks her eyes away. Paranoia in the elevator. We quickly cut into private lives.

WORRIED MAN (VOICE OVER)

...he'll sue me, could be for 5-6 million,
and he'll get a million, the house,
they'll impound my paychecks...damn,
damn, why did I sign that contract?

BLACK BIKE MESSENGER (VOICE OVER)

...gotta get Lola in the sack man, take
her to the Garden for the Terrells,
Jimmy give me the tickets for 12 bucks,
I pull the midnight shift, I could do
60 bucks...wow, check those legs out...

His eyes on the same blonde exec who looks away, self-conscious about her legs. The elevator stops at a floor, discards only one person. The doors close a little too slowly.

BLONDE EXECUTIVE (VOICE OVER)

...jerk...(shifts her thoughts) call
Hanratty. The decimal points on the code
are uncalibrated. Hoskins. The signatures
on the bank draft. Boyle, that bitch...
insurance...tax form. Shit, talk to
Kahn. (recalling) That's Hanratty, Hoskins,
Bank, Boyle and Kahn...H₂B₂K - shoot,
insurance and theatre tix...H₂B₂K,I,T --
and the cleaners! Repeat...

Catching the eyes of Joe Fox once again wandering to her.
Camera moving to Joe, who looks away.

JOE (VOICE OVER)

...sorry...funny always the most beautiful
girls in the world are always on the street
or in elevators, never get to talk to them,
I'm too shy...my looks, never had confidence
in them...overcompensating work syndrome...
prove your worth with money...'cept I'm
not making any money...

(pause, the elevator at another floor, slow
...wonder what all these people are thinking
about.

Camera moving slowly again over the eyes. The silence of
individual tension reigns over all.

ANGRY MAN (VOICE OVER)

...Screw him! I'll destroy that sonufabitch
...he thinks he can breach a contract with
me he's got something to learn

SECRETARY (VOICE OVER)

...9:15!...he'll kill me this time, he
will really kill me...oh come on
elevator!...why do you stop over every floor...

As the elevator stops again to disgorge two people.

BIKE MESSENGER (VOICE OVER)
(pissed now at the elevator)
...come on man, time is money man..One
floor here I could do eleven blocks...

BLONDE EXECUTIVE (VOICE OVER)
H₂B₂K, I, T, CL, P, O, T₂...
(pause, she looks like she forgot something

WORRIED MAN (VOICE OVER)
...goddamn elevators!...people, too many
goddamn people in this world!

The elevator finally comes to a slow stop...They wait,
plead, beg, screech with the eyes.

The door at last opens. None of them acknowledging each other,
they all stampede out the door with an audible gasp of
release, a collective sigh akin to making it to a urinal
after a punishing wait...

The elevator tension is over, but the killer grind continues.

INT. HAMILL, THAYER & PRINCE BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Joe moves past the functional reception area, past CAROLYN,
a cheerful young black girl.

CAROLYN
How you doing Joey

JOE
Great Carolyn, doing any better would
be a sin...

He slips off his overcoat, flicks some lint off his discount
Moe Ginsburg suit, and enters.

THE MAIN BOARD ROOM

A long floor with cubicled offices running the length of the
room. At the near wall are a bank of private offices with
windows reserved for star brokers and executives. Brokers
mill by their desks, gulping coffee, scanning the papers,
making small talk...counting the minutes. The digital clock
by the big board counter clicks to 9:26 a.m. -- four minutes
until the market opens. You can smell the fear. Joe
takes a deep breath, tosses the newspaper away and struts
into the office -- fuck it -- it's a new day.

MOVING WITH HIM past DAN HICKEY, a flush-faced old-timer, a blue and white Yale tie, with a carnation in his lapel who is mixing a vodka highball.

JOE
Morning, Dan.

DAN
...calls for a drink. Got tickets to Yale - Harvard, the 23rd...boola boola

JOE (without expecting an answer)
What's looking good today?

DAN
If I knew I wouldn't be in this business, Get out while you're young, kid. I came here one day, I sat down, and look at me now.

JOE
Think Positive, Dan. I got a feeling about today.

Joey enters his cubicle, whips open his briefcase and pulls out a computer print-out of last night's homework.

JOE
We're going to make a killing today, Marv.

MARVIN (O.S.)
Yeah, where's your machine gun.

FREDDIE
Joke about it. I was up all night charting these stocks. You want to see this or what?

His associate, MARVIN WYKOFF, a manicky, wise-guy, swivels over his chair from a nearby desk. He gives the carts a quick read.

MARVIN (scowling)
Looks bearish to me, buddy. You got it all upside down.
(confidential)
Okay, I'm giving this to you and you alone, 'cause I feel sorry for you. Take the Knicks against the Bullets, and my pick of the day -- Duke to beat the spread against Wake Forest.

JOE

Thanks, Marv, with that I might be able to qualify for Welfare.

LOU DAVIS strolls by, a dignified looking older broker in his late 60s, in a 50's type blue suit with button down white shirt, very much a picture from another era...a kind humor in his eyes...but obviously ailing in the legs and breath department.

JOE (friendly)

You got a look in your eye, Mister Davis...
You got something for the small fry...

LOU

Jesus, can't make a buck in this market, country's going to hell faster than my ex-wife goes shopping...the biggest mistake we ever made was letting Nixon get off the gold standard. Bonds, boys, boring but buy em...

They all get a kick out of his consistent, paterfamilias attitude as he limps off...

The stentorian voice of OFFICE MANAGER THOMAS LYNCH booms over the intercom. We see him peering from behind the glass partition in his office; tall, balding with a perpetual worried look on his face.

LYNCH

Attention. Please. Office Production is down ten percent this week. I recommend that you all go through your clients' investments for any portfolio adjustments. And don't forget -- double commissions today on our 'A' or better bond funds.

(looking in Joe and Marv's direction)

Especially you rookies. Also, remember, the sales contest ends tomorrow.

Joe and Marvin roll their eyes. The Digital clock flashes 9:30.

JOE

And they're off and running!

All Hell suddenly breaks loose. The room bursts with the clatter of the ticker, squawk boxes, teletype machines, newsprinters' Dow Jones and Reuters, phones ringing off the hook. Brokers are shouting orders, running for tickets, dodging each other; it's a controlled riot.

BROKERS (VO)

Here's a hot lead...Have I got one for you...sell... dump it all!!

JOE (on phone)

Digitronics -- let me check it...

He looks up at the TICKER...stock quotes whizzing by.

JOE (O.S. Cont'd)

Up an eighth. How many you want?

He plugs the order into his quotron.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CLOCK...It's 2:30 p.m. We hear the relentless clatter of the board ticker, and the drone of disembodied voices, blaring market information out of squawk boxes.

Joe's desk is now cluttered with order tickets, crumpled notes, beverage cups and a half-eaten sandwich. He's on the phone and from the look on his face, the caller on the other end is breaking his balls. Marvin paces past, making a dramatic phone pitch.

MARVIN

Absolute important financial news!
Dr. Lasker has to have it this
minute! It concerns his future!

Joe waves Marvin away, answers his caller, trying to keep cool, worried now as he sees Lynch, the office manager, coming over.

JOE

I thought you were a gentleman, Howard.
Sure it's gone down a little bit, but
you got the tip from your barber, I
didn't...Yeah you did. That's what you said.

(heated)

I didn't tell you to buy it, why
would I tell you to sell it?

(screaming)

No, I can't give it back! Give it back
to whom? You own it!

(beat)

No, he's out right now.

As he looks up and winks at Lynch, standing over him.

JOE (cupping the receiver)
That's what you told us to say.

LYNCH
Give me the phone.
(takes receiver)
Yes, sir, this is the manager.
What seems to be the problem?

MARVIN (into his phone)
What?...Well, how was I to know you
were in surgery?

Joe whispers, tensely. Lynch listens.

JOE
He's lying.

LYNCH
Okay, sir. I'll discuss this with the
broker and I'll get back to you.
You're welcome.

Lynch hangs up and glares at Joe.

LYNCH
I'm closing out this account. If he
doesn't pay for it tomorrow, you
pay for it.

JOE
Mr. Lynch, I swear to you, he's lying!

LYNCH
Fox, you're making more problems than
you are sales. I don't know how you
can generate new business when you
can't even take care of the old business.

JOE
I don't think your'e being fair, sir.

LYNCH
Somebody has to pay for that error.
And it's not me.

Lynch walks off. Joe does some quick calculations in his head.

MARVIN (reappearing)
Buddy, buddy, buddy; a little trouble,
huh, today.

JOE (devastated)
This asshole reneged on me. I've got
to cover his loss to the tune of
three grand!

MARVIN
Hey, things could be worse. It could've
been my money. Let me help you out,
rookie.

He takes out his wallet and loans Freddie a hundred bucks.

JOE
Thanks Marv, I'll make it good to you.
(fervently)
You know what my dream is? One day I'm
gonna be on the other end of that phone...

Marvin points up at the clock. Joe looks up...it's 2:40.

MARVIN
You forgetting something?

Joe quickly composes himself. He picks up the phone; dialing
purposefully.

MARVIN
You can do it, Joe. If anybody can
bag this elephant you can.

JOE
Hello, Natalie -- Guess who? That's right,
and not a minute late. Natalie, I've
been calling for two and a half months
now. And every day I say to myself,
today could be the day...So what do
you say...will you marry me?
(getting to business)
Then please can you get me through
to Mr. Gekko?

MARVIN (coaching)
It concerns his future!

JOE
Of course he's busy, and so am I.
Five minutes. That's all I'm asking.
I know that if he could only hear
what I have to say...it would change his life.

INT. GEKKO OFFICE - DAY

NATALIE, a classy, attractive Englishwoman is on the phone with Joe, somewhat amused by his manner. She is the personal secretary to multi-millionaire, venture capitalist Gordon Gekko. His windows look out on a panoramic view of the city and East River. The paintings and furnishings in her outter office alone, make Joe's Brokerage firm look like a flea bag boarding house.

NATALIE

Mister Fox, I told you that Mr. Gekko already has his own brokers. Yes, I agree that the spirit of America is competition. Yes, I gave him your message yesterday. I shall give him your message today. I wish I could be of more help. I'm sure you're a good broker. The best...

As they're speaking, another SECRETARY leads two well-heeled JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN past her desk. As she opens the door to the inner office and ushers them inside, we catch a glimpse of a figure, pacing back and forth, talking animatedly on the phone by the huge corner window. HE IS GORDON GEKKO. We hear a deafening ROAR as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MCGREGOR'S BAR AND GRILL - NEAR KENNEDY AIRPORT - TWILIGHT

In the background, a 747 ascends into the night sky, climbing over the rooftops of weathered brick tract houses. Joe, coat collar pulled up against the wind, crosses the street, entering a neighborhood bar.

INT. MCGREGOR'S -TWILIGHT

Dimly-lit, noisy, blue-collar airline bar. Machinists and mechanics still in their overalls at the bar, drinking, watching ESPN FIGHT NIGHT, on TV. Joe searches the crowd. A group of middle-aged men wave him over, NORTHSTAR AIRLINES insignias on the pockets...CHARLIE DENT, a rugged, chain-smoking ex-Marine Sergeant, and DOMINICK AMATO, a big strong Italian greet Joey as he comes over.

CHARLIE

Joey boy, how ya doing?

JOE

Great Charlie, any better it'd be a sin

CHARLEY

So what happend to that Chinese girl
you brought with you the last time,
your ol' man still talking about it -

JOE

Tina, yeah, she was fun. She's just
a friend now.

CHARLEY

Nice girl. She liked you.

DOMINICK (slapping Joe)

So, Mister Wall Street, when you gonna
make us all rich

JOE

Gotta open an account to win the lottery,
Dominick. I'll get you a condo in
Florida next Christmas.

CARL FOX

...sure and we'll own the airline.
If he makes anyone rich, let him make
himself rich, so's he can pay off
his school loans.

JOE

...nice to see you in such a good mood Dad,
what'd Mom do, give you fish for dinner?...
you're smoking too much, how many times
do you gotta go to the hospital to...

Carl, inhaling his cigarette, grimaces formidably, terminating
the subject.

CARL

...leave me alone willya. Only thing
makes me feel good anymore. Spaghetti.
She makes lousy spaghetti...

JOE

It's pasta Dad, no longer spaghetti
(Dad looks puzzled, "Oh?")

Joe sitting down next to him, pats him around the shoulder.
Dad, a sarcastic and gruff edge to him, makes a faint smile.
He has a genuine affection and pride in his somewhat glamorous son.

CARL

...that's guinea talk. Whaddaya want,
a beer? (to waitress)
Hey Edna, bring another for the kid,
he looks good, doesn't he?

Dominick and Charlie go off. A pause. Father and son sizing each other up with a look.

CARL

...looks like you grown another inch...
but you don't look so hot, getting
bags under your eyes

JOE

Ah, I had a tough day. Some jerk D.K'd
me and I gotta cover his loss

CARL

Speak English willya

JOE

D.K -- didn't know -- who I was when the
stock he bought took a bath

CARL (nods, satisfied)

I told you not to go into that racket.
You could've stayed at Northstar, everybody
liked you; you coulda been a supervisor
in customer relations now and had some
security, 'stead of going off and
bein' a salesman

JOE (an old story between them)

Look Dad, I'm not a salesman. How many
times I gotta tell you I'm a stockbroker

CARL

You get on the phone and ask strangers
for their money right? You're a salesman

JOE (ticked)

Dad, I just started out. It takes time.
You gotta build a clientele. I'm doing it.
I could make more money in one year as
a broker than five years at the airline.

CARL

Yeah and you could lose it that fast
too. What kinda benefits you get at
that big deal Wall Street firm? You
get a pension?

He sees he's making Joey upset and softens...

CARL

Well at least your shirt stays clean
(pause)
So how much do you need?

JOE

You don't want to know...

(beat)

Can you spare a couple hundred?

Dad reaches into his pocket, looks at his cash.

JOE (embarrassed)

Not in here Dad...please. Later.

Dad shrugs, puts it away.

CARL

...it adds up Joey, 100 here, couple hundred there. Your brother never...

(cuts off when he sees Joey's face)

...well, I always said money is something you need in case you don't die tomorrow... Look, anytime you want, you know you can move back into the house -- rent free. For chrissakes, you're paying a thousand a month for that cockroach palace...

JOE

That's what it costs for a Manhattan address Dad, and that's where I gotta live. One day you'll see. You'll be proud of me Dad, I guarantee you...

CARL (with a twinkle in his eyes)

It's yourself you gotta be proud of, huckleberry...

JOE

...So how's Mom?

CARL (with affection)

...same. Pain in the ass. Talks too much... gonna take her to Florida next month... west coast, near Tampa, you know

JOE

...what's happening at the airline?

CARL (lights another cigarette)

...just met with the comptroller over some union stuff and he told us some good news... 'member that crash last summer? Well, the FAA investigation is gonna rule it was a manufacturing flaw in the door latch mechanism. I kept telling 'em it wasn't maintenance, it was those goddamn greedy manufacturers out in Cincinnati. And I was right.

JOE
That's great Dad

CARL
Damn right, it gets us out from under
suspension and now we'll get those
new routes to Pittsburgh and Boston
and the equipment we need. We're gonna
compete with the majors now

JOE (boasts)
Hey to Northstar, as your broker all
I can advise is hold on to that stock dad...

They drink. Joe reflects a moment.

JOE
You sure about this?

CARL (laughs)
Joey, you got that mischief look in
your face. You used to smile like that
when you were asleep as a baby...

Joe's mind racing elsewhere.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - UPPER WEST SIDE - MORNING

A cramped studio facing an air shaft with bars on the window. Moving across to the sound of the radio alarm going off and the glib tones of a rock D.J. announcing the Met's latest streak...The walls are papered with stock analyses and graphs. His IBM computer still displays yesterday's quotes, print out pages strewn across the floor. No other semblance of a personal life except clothes haphazardly tossed and Fortune magazines.

Joe drags himself out of bed, punches up his appointment calendar on the computer, stopping to focus on an underlined notation: G.G.'S BIRTHDAY.

EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT - UPPER WEST SIDE - MORNING

Amsterdam Avenue is undergoing serious gentrification. Joe, decked out in his best suit and tie, exits a broken down liquor store with a gift-wrapped bottle. Two WINOS intercept him and he gives them some change, walking on past a trendy new restaurant, Puerto Rican kids playing by the curb, the shoe repair store has lost its lease and is going out of business.

EXT. PARK AVENUE BUILDING - EAST 50s - MORNING

Joe, crossing Park Avenue, enters a magnificent towering glass structure.

INT. GORDON GEKKO PENTHOUSE OFFICES - MORNING

NATALIE, Gekko's British secretary, is completing shorthand notes as the intercom buzzes. A Logo for "INTEL CORP" is behind her.

RECEPTION (OFF)

...I have a delivery here for Mr. Gekko.
It's a gift and the gentleman says you
have to sign for it.

NATALIE (frowning)

...all right, send him in...

INT. HALLWAY

Joe, somewhat nervous, is led down an impressive hallway hung with expensive modern art...past a huge Calder Mobile and a pool of some 15 traders in phones, quotron terminals and keyboards...into Natalie's outer office.

JOE

Hello, Natalie, you recognize the voice?
I'll give you a hint, you're thinking
seriously about marrying me...

NATALIE (recognizing it)

What are you doing here?

JOE

...And you're even lovelier than I pictured.
I brought a birthday present for Mr. Gekko.

NATALIE

First of all, Mr. Fox, you can't just
come barging in here. And what makes
you think it's his birthday?

Joe takes out an old crumpled Fortune magazine cover of
Gordon Gekko, entitled "Gekko the Great!"

FOX

It's in the bible, see. You better go
buy him a present. Please, Natalie.
Let me give him the gift; it's Crystal,
his favorite champagne.

NATALIE (sighs)
Stay here, I'll see what I can do.

She takes the gift and enters Gekko's office. Joe paces nervously. Natalie re-appears with a smile.

NATALIE
Make it fast.

JOE (pumping himself up, muttering)
Well...life all comes down to a few moments,
and this is one of 'em...

Straightening his tie and hair, he takes a deep breath and enters.

INT. GORDON GEKKO'S OFFICE (JOE'S POV) - DAY

Furnishings in hypermodern gray and black laquer, Modern Art ranging from black field paintings by Ad Reinhardt to the smashed dishes of Julian Schnabel. Nautilus equipment, hi-tech gadgets are in evidence, including a splendid Howard Miller World Time Clock, and a world map...

Three of Gekko's people, young MBA's dressed for success, are scattered about the room, on phones, calculators, coming in and out.

GORDON GEKKO, aka Gekko the Great as the media calls him, dressed in a custom English suit, paces on the phone with the restlessness of a caged tiger, a 50-foot extension cord attached to his blinking 30-line silver-plated voice-activated telephone. On his ears is a headset. He is carrying on overlapping conversations with a myriad of bankers, partners and lawyers; pausing to issue commands to his aides while keeping his eye on the stock prices spitting across a bank of quotron monitors, carrying everything from New York Exchanges to London, commodities, gold, and currency market values.

GEKKO (on phone)
I love it at forty. Hate it at fifty.
Their analysts don't know preferred stock
from livestock...(a beat, mischievous smile)
wait for it to come back down then we'll
raise the sperm count on the deal...
right. Get back to me...

(to Alex, an aide listening on the other
line)

Alex, don't get me locked into a position.
If they got a pure play I'm interested,
otherwise look for something else.
Get on line 3...

ALEX DE BETANCOURT, a tall handsome Frenchman, jots a note and follows Gordon over the line 3. Gekko's dark intent eyes fixing briefly on Joe who stands waiting in a corner. He motions him to sit...

GEKKO (new line)
 Yeah, Billy, who's your buyer?...
 No, not interested.
 (eyes on Quotron, to Ollie Steeples,
 a trader)
 Ollie, take 50 Gulf, forget the hundred.

OLLIE STEEPLES, a gigantic 200-pound man with a beard and cheek scar, wearing pink suspenders, rises and walks out of the room, past Joe...

GEKKO (back on line with Billy, listenin
 They have convertible bonds? I want
 convertibles...check the arbitrageurs for
 MacDonalds. Yeah, I'm having a Mac attack.
 20,000 shares for about 30 minutes. Lunch?
 Are you joking? Get back to me...Line 4
 (to Alex)

Joe's eyes on the framed "tombstones" from the Wall Street Journal commemoration. Gekko's successful deals; they hang like scalps from the walls. Gekko's eyes drifting to Joe, a friendly easy smile for a flick of an instant, he has genuine charm in his manner and though ultrafast verbally, projects calm and confidence at the center. A man who obviously loves what he does to some small degree is flashing his stuff for the outsider...

GEKKO (line 4)
 Look Harold, they're vulnerable we want
 'em to think they're under accumulation
 but don't go over 5%, you hear me.
 Call Geneva and the Bahamas. We feint
 towards it but we wait...

ALEX
 What about bringing in Yurovich?

GEKKO (scoffs)
 If I ever needed surgery, get me the heart
 of an arb like Yurovich, it's never been
 used...Happy Holideals Harold...

Hangs up, eyes to Joe.

JOE (nervous)
How do you do Mr. Gekko. I'm Joe Fox

GEKKO
So you say. Nice to meet you, thanks
for the champagne, I hope you're
reasonably intelligent

Gekko wraps the cuff of a state-of-the-art, automatic blood pressure monitor around his arm and starts pumping it up. His aides continue on the phones.

GEKKO
...got to monitor my blood pressure, so
whatever you do, don't upset me

JOE
Oh no, no...

GEKKO (demonstrating it)
Within 45 seconds, a microprocessor
computes your systolic and diastolic
pressure. Has an LCD readout, and it's
cost effective -- less than one visit
to the doctor.

JOE
I just want to let you know Mr. Gekko
that ever since I was a business student
at NYU I've followed your career and I
think you're an incredible genius, and
I've always dreamed of only one
thing -- to do business with a man like you...

GEKKO (smiles, impatient with the speech)
So what have you got for me, sport?

Joe opens his attache case and rifles out a handful of briefs. Gekko noting the blood pressure reading and taking the cuff off his arm. Ollie Steeples, the big trader, ambles back in, says something to the third aide, a young yuppie woman SUSAN TURNER.

JOE
Chart break-out on this one here
...uh Browning Ferris Industries...low
P.E. in relation to the Dow. Good
fundamentals, good technicals.
Strong management.

NATALIE
Mr. Stevenson in San Francisco

Gekko takes the call, cutting Joe off.

GEKKO

He respond to the offer? What? What the hell's he doing giving lecture tours when his company's losing 60 million a quarter? I guess he's giving lectures on how to lose money...if this guy opened a funeral parlor, no one would die...

(gets a chuckle from Alex on phone and also Joe)
Yeah I know the hardest job of all is trying to look busy when you're not. Well, Christmas is over and business is business. Dilute him...

(simultaneous to Ollie Steeples)
Start trading. Dilute the shit out of Mr. Church Cromwell

OLLIE (moves out)

He's diluted, Gordo. Piece of cake.

Gekko hanging up and buzzing an aide. Throws out an aside to Joe that Ollie can hear as he goes out.

GEKKO

...doesn't look like it but the best trader on the street...

(to the third aide)

Sue, get the book on Cromwell Paper and bring it here...

Joe shifting, uncomfortable as Gekko finally swivels his attention back to him.

GEKKO

It's a dog. What else you got sport?

JOE (coming right back)

Teleco...undervalued, discount from book, great cash flow...

Alexis sneers, shares a look with Gekko.

GEKKO (laughs)

That's a dog with a different bite

(checks his hi-tech watch)

Come on, tell me something I don't know. It's my birthday, surprise me.

As he feeds some note paper he's jotted on into the SHREDDER that sits next to the desk over the waste basket. The sound it makes is soft and menacing. Joey knows it's fourth down and long, Gekko's attention shifting to the quotron. In frustration, Joey blurts it out.

JOE
Northstar Airlines

GEKKO
...rings a bell somewhere. So what?

JOE
A comer. 80 medium-body jets. 300 pilots,
flies northeast, Canada, some Florida
and Caribbean routes...

GEKKO
...don't like airlines, lousy unions...

JOE
There was a crash last year. They just got
a favorable ruling on a lawsuit. Even
the plaintiffs don't know...

Gekko looks up, remotely interested.

GEKKO
How do you know?

JOE
I know...the decision'll clear the way
for new planes and route contracts.
There's only a small float out there,
so you should grab it. Good for a
five point pop.

Ollie comes back in, as excited as he will ever get under his
rolls of flesh, his voice deadpan.

OLLIE
...just got 10,000 at 18, getting
another 5 at 18 1/2

Gekko has stood up to indicate the meeting is over.

GEKKO
Great, keep going...(to Joe) Interesting.
You have a card?

Joey thrusts a card into his hands. Gekko glances at it.

JOE
Want my home number too?

GEKKO (smiles)
Mr. Fox, I look at a hundred ideas
a day. I choose one.

Joe stuffs his notes back into the briefcase, hoping for a word of encouragement in the awkward silence.

JOE

Well, hope to hear from you sir

He turns and heads out the door, passing Susan who hurries in with a dossier...

Gekko glances at it. As Joe leaves, he overhears:

GEKKO (OFF)

OK gang, start the lawyers on a 13D on Cromwell Paper, we're going after everything in sight, they're gonna fight, they got Myers and Thromberg doing their legal, they're killers.

INT. OUTSIDE GEKKO'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe walks glumly past Natalie, certain that he's blown it. She's busy on the phone.

JOE

...well thanks anyway Natalie

NATALIE (buzzing inside, preoccupied)

...have a nice day Mr. Stone

(wrong name, doesn't notice,
to Gekko on phone)

...Mr. Gekko, the conference call is ready. Mr. Sugarman and Mr. Lorenzo in Delaware. Mr. Bernard in Los Angeles. Mr. Jackson and Miss Rosco in New York, and Mrs. Pfeiffer's in London. They're all on...

GEKKO VOICE

...thanks Natalie

The phone call goes behind closed doors. As Joe walks out, an idea strikes him.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Joey hasn't missed a beat, simultaneously using the information he has. The camera tracking him, in a sense beginning to trap him.

JOE

Marvin. Me. Buy me 200 shares of Cromwell Paper...Margin it to the hilt...I wish I had more, got a tip...put your paws on some. Yeah I know...I saw him but he didn't see me...

He hangs up, somewhere between defeat and victory.

INT. JOE'S BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Joe's at his desk wearily listening to MRS. GRIMES, a kvetching older lady with garish make-up and an eccentric bag lady look, and a yorkie terrier on her lap. Marvin paces in near background making noises about eighths and quarters.

MRS. GRIMES

It's only gone up one measly eighth in three months. My sister Louise bought some gold options and she's made a fortune

JOE

Mrs. Grimes, you told me you didn't want to lose money, so I recommended a conservative portfolio. If you want something with high risk and more volatility, I'll be glad to accomodate you

MARVIN (popping over)

Cromwell's up to 23! You've made 3,000!

JOE (with irony)

...enough to cover this morning's loss...

The dog starts barking at Marvin and Mrs. Grimes has overheard.

MRS. GRIMES

You like that one Bon-Bon?

(dog barks)

Then mommy will buy it. We want some Cromwell

JOE

Uh Mrs. Grimes, I think you'd be safer in...

MRS. GRIMES

Cromwell Gas -- we'll take 50 shares

JOE (with irony)

Fifty whole shares? Allright

(starts writing the ticket)

Mrs. Grimes leaves.

MRS. GRIMES

Don't forget to call me every day Joey.

You're a good boy.

Joey slumps back in his chair, dejected, floating the ticket across the desk. Marvin wheels his chair over.

JOE

I just made subway fare home

MARVIN

Cheer up buddy buddy. You shook Gekko the Great's hand and you still got all your fingers. He's not the only elephant in the jungle.

Lynch, the manager, stalks past with some telexes.

LYNCH

I wouldn't be sitting around chinwagging if I were you Fox...plenty of names in that phone book to call...

Marvin gives Lynch the Italian salute, behind his back. Grudgingly, Joey flips open the massive New York phone book to cold call...

MARVIN

...got tickets for the Knicks tonight. Go out and cruise some pussy afterwards, whaddaya say?

JOE (shakes his head)

...gotta do my technical charts

MARVIN

Charts! I'm offering you the Knicks and pussy. God save you before you turn into poor Hickey over there...

Their eyes briefly on Dan Hickey, red faced, desperately trying to make a sale on the telephone, hangs up defeated.

JOE

...hopefully more like Lou Davis...

Their eyes briefly on Lou Davis, in his private office, sitting there slumped, thinking, smoking as he watches the quotron, a lonely dignity to him.

MARVIN

...they say he made big bucks in the 60s, lost it all when his firm went belly up in '67. Nice guy but a loser. Who wants to be coming in here in his late sixties pitching...whatever happened to that cute analyst at Thudder, Wicks?...Cindy? Susan?

JOE

Lisa. She's boring. Life is numbers. Having sex with her is like reading the Wall Street Journal, I'd rather do that. 'Sides this AIDS shit is ruining romance, nobody trusts anybody anymore, gotta get a blood test in the john before you leave a bar together, somebody oughta invent one, no kidding, make a fortune, I gotta get to work...Z's today.

(hitting the phone with the directory)

The pool SECRETARY, GINA, a Chinese girl, calls out.

GINA

Call for you Joey

JOE (taking it)

Joe Fox

Joe rears up in his seat. A change. Marvin notices.

INT. GORDON GEKKO OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS DAY

Gekko talks into his speaker phone, gazing out the window...

GEKKO

Buy me ten thousand shares of Northstar

INT. JOEY'S CUBICLE - DAY

The camera tracks around and in on him climactically as the Music Theme rises to ensnare with excitement...We end close on Joey. Dumbstruck.

JOE

Yes, sir. Thank you. You won't regret it.

He hangs up, stunned still, rises from his chair, unbuttons his collar and feverishly starts writing the ticket.

MARVIN

Got a little action there, eh buddy?

JOE

Marv

(turns triumphant)

...I just bagged the elephant!

EXT. COLUMBUS AVENUE - NIGHT

The yupper West Side. The young, the rich and the restless parade along the avenue, jamming the neighborhood restaurants and bars. Joe glides along, feeling a part of the crowd now, past a dreadlocked DERELICT swigging thunderbird and shouting obscenities, shaking a wooden african spear.

INT. CARAMBA'S BAR - NIGHT

Inside the glitzy neighborhood singles bar in which Joe stops, everybody seems to be drinking margaritas. Joe orders a beer, overhearing a DESIGNER CLAD WOMAN with hundred dollar highlights in her hair.

DESIGNER WOMAN

...cost you half a million just to get a fleatrap on Central Park West, three quarters a million for the same thing on the East Side. Rent, take it off your taxes, cost you 5000 a month but you get 2 bedrooms and a view of the park, if you wanna buy, buy the Hamptons, the smart money's going there. Julie Weiss...Dianne Solomon, they both just got places...

She blathers on as he surveys the room, noticing an ELEGANT BLONDE with a striking aloof beauty, very much the debutante dream Grace Kelly type, so refined that you wonder what she could possibly be doing out at night in public alone.

Joe summons his courage, catches his breath, makes his way over...She sees him approach, obviously doesn't wish to talk, eyes darting elsewhere like a nervous deer.

JOE (awkward)

Hi...can I buy you a drink? I'm celebrating tonight

BLONDE (sibilant)

Please, no thanks...

(looking away)

JOE

Look I know you get approached a lot by strange men but I'm different, I never talk to strangers, all my life I've been waiting for the right person to walk across the room...you're that person, I know it in my heart, you don't but I do and if you walk away now I'll never see you again or you me. You'll grow old. I'll grow old. We'll both die. And we'll never have known each other. That's sad. At least one drink for a dreamer...what's your favorite drink?

She looks at him, not quite sure. Is he serious or glib?

BLONDE (uncommitted)

Calvados

JOE

Never heard of it

BLONDE

It's a romantic and tragic drink

JOE

Sounds tempting. I prefer mine with a twist of fate. You know like us meeting. Don't go way...

Maybe, just maybe she's his! His eyes show it as he hurries back to the bar to order. As he gets the bartender's attention, he turns and sees that she is joined by a MAN who looks as if he stepped out of the pages of GQ. Together they walk away. Stung, Joe watches as the woman of his dreams disappears out the door.

BARTENDER

What do you want?

JOE

...I just lost it.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Joe lies in bed, worried, staring at the ceiling. A female body sleeps next to him, a pretty little face. He turns on the light, looks at the clock: 4a.m. He picks up a prospectus for a chemical company, starts reading.

EXT. 86th STREET & BROADWAY - EARLY DAY

People pouring into the subway on the way to work. Joe rifles through the Times he's just bought at a newsstand and finds the article he was looking for: NORTHSTAR EXONERATED IN 707 CRASH. He thrusts his fist in the air, victoriously... bounds down the subway stairs.

INT. JOE'S BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Joe's on the quotron and the phone; the word's spread around the office he landed Gekko and brokers drop by his desk to get the lowdown.

JOE (on the phone)
What's it at now? Still moving. Great!

DAN HICKEY
The man of the day. Pour some water on him to cool him off...one of these days I want to know how you got Gekko's account

JOE (indicating Dan's Yale tie)
My magic tie, Dan

HICKEY
I'll trade you

Lou Davis and a Chinese LADY BROKER intersect.

CHINESE LADY
Gordo the Great, way to go

LOU (skeptical)
I can't figger it. Northstar's a crap stock, always has been. Still wouldn't touch it...

CHINESE LADY
What's this I hear you're into Cromwell Paper too

LOU
Not bad company, good management, always has been but no excitement...

JOE (succinct, to Chinese Lady)
Buy

She hears him. As they go, Marvin swivels madly over in his chair.

MARVIN
Buddy, buddy, some fuckin' buddy; why
didn't you tell me to buy Northstar

JOE
Hey Marv, he demanded confidentiality...

MARVIN
Gimme a break. You buy Northstar Airlines
yesterday. Today they just happen to get
good news and the stock goes. You must
have ESP. A real Nostradamus.
(Joe ignoring him, picking up the phone)
Jesus Christ, what are friends for?

JOE
All right, I owe you one Marv

MARVIN
That's right, next time a little birdie
talks to you, talk to me too E.F. Hutton

GINA (pool secretary)
Joey, phone...Gordon Gekko!

Everybody in the adjacent area turns and looks at Joey like
in an E.F. Hutton commercial.

JOE (on phone)
Hi Natalie...lunch at 21
(looks at watch)
I'm out the door...

As he springs up to leave, Lynch the manager happens to be
strolling by. He nods pleasantly at Joey.

LYNCH
Nice piece of work, Fox. If you need any
help, please, that's what I'm here for.

JOE
Thank you Mister Lynch.

INT. 21 CLUB - DAY

Dark mahogany wood, plush banquettes, a long oak bar. Joe enters the main dining room in a relatively threadbare suit that hangs on him embarrassingly as other businessmen in well-cut suits move around him and a Maitre d' sniffs, then leads him to where Gekko is parked, finishing up his fruit cup.

GEKKO

Hi sport

JOE (still nervous)

Nice to see you again Mr. Gekko
(he's seated)

GEKKO

Try the fresh salmon. It's off the menu
but Louis will make it for you...

MAITRE DIT

Of course sir. And to drink?

JOE

Uh...just a white wine

He looks at Gekko's bottled water, changes his mind.

JOE

...just a Perrier, thank you...

The Maitre Dit leaves. Gekko proudly pulls a tiny 3" by 6" color television out of his pocket with a 2" diagonal screen, flips it on to the Dow Jones averages.

GEKKO

See this? Can you believe it? Two inch screen...

JOE

I can't even see it

GEKKO

...for my kid Rudy - 3 years old,
electronics freak, got a liquid crystal
display 'stead of an electronic beam.
We're going into a new age Fox. So
how's business today

His cellular telephone, strapped to his waist, whirrs softly.
Gekko takes it, identifies himself, listens.

GEKKO

Go... (beat) keep buying. Check with Atchinson in the Caymans. And transfer it from Zurich.

Joe waits as Gekko repockets the phone.

JOE

Northstar was at 21 and an eighth when I left the office. It might spin up to 25 tonight...

(Gekko smiles, Joe ventures on)
...still buying Cromwell Paper Mr. Gekko?

Gekko looks deadpan at him. Joe realizes he might've overstepped himself, a major mistake at this juncture. But Gekko finally cracks a tiny smile.

GEKKO

I'll bet you were in a phone booth two minutes after you were out of my office

JOE (guilty, flushes, denies)
...if I had money Mr. Gekko I guess I would've but unfortunately I don't...

Gekko, distracted, remembers the purpose of the meeting, reaches into his pocket, draws out a check and puts it down on Joey's plate.

GEKKO-

Well this might change your personality.
Put it in my brokerage account will you

Greeting TWO BANKERS who stop at the table as Joe picks up the check, glances at it. His hand starts to tremble.

The check is for half a million dollars.

GEKKO (to busboy, the bankers exiting)

Can we have the check over here for christ's sake.

BUS BOY (rushing off)

Yes sir!

GEKKO

Put a hundred thousand in one of those bow-wow stocks you mentioned. Pick the dog with the least fleas. Use a stop loss. And buy yourself a decent suit. You can't come in here looking like that

(Joe flushes, embarrassed)
Go to Mort Sill's, tell em I sent you

JOE (his genuine look)
 Mr. Gekko -- thank you for the chance.
 You won't regret this, you're with a winner.

GEKKO (paying the check with cash)
 ...put the rest of it in a money market
 account for now. I want to see what you
 know before I invest it...and save the
 cheap salesman talk, it's obvious

JOE (stung)
 Excuse me sir?

Gekko rising to leave, the Maitre d'it hovering around.

GEKKO
 You heard me...I don't like losses sport.
 Nothing ruins my day more than losses...
 Louis, take care of 'im. Enjoy the lunch.

Confused, Joey watches Gekko walk out of the room, pumping
 extended hands left and right. He holds the cashiers check
 up to his eyes, entranced by it, like a kid with his first
 dollar...as the glowing salmon course is put in front of him.

WIPE TO:

BROKERING MONTAGE -- JOE'S BROKERAGE OFFICE - DAY

A classical MUSIC THEME carries us through, something like
 "The Rake's Progress."

1 -- Joe in the wire room, puts his ticket in the order chute.
 Marvin does likewise.

WIPE TO:

2 -- Joe on the phone, gazing at the ticker, concern in his eyes.
 CLICKING of the tape ticker comes up over music.

WIPE TO:

3 -- Later. Research reports piling up. Joe's secretary
 trying to get his attention. Joe's concern growing, as
 the green fluorescent numbers spit across the board.
 CLICKER growing louder. Pan to Marvin, hands cupped
 in prayer. To Dan Hickey who closes his eyes and shakes
 his head.

WIPE TO:

4 -- Close -- Joe watching the tape -- dizzying, hypnotic blur of numbers. The roar of the clicker, drowning out the music...a runaway freight train.

WIPE TO:

5 -- Joe's hands clamped over his eyes. The numbers stop. Noise recedes. He opens his eyes, looks down at his desk, stacked with reports and phone messages, as the pool secretary, GINA, calls out.

GINA (over shot)
Mr. Benedetto called. Mr. Berger, your landlord, and Sparkle Cleaners, something about a check, they sound pissed.

Marvin glumly coasts over in his chair.

MARVIN
Boy, we sure went down the toilet on ugly, imagine if we were Japanese, we'd have to disembowel ourselves...

GINA (O.S.)
And Gekko's office is after you. Be at the Yale Club squash courts at six...

Joe looks worried, at Marvin.

INT. YALE CLUB SQUASH COURTS - EVENING

Games in progress on the four courts, heavy hitting sounds. crossing to Gekko and Joe going at it. Joe is obviously the worse for wear.

GEKKO (amused)
...come on sport, you gotta try harder, I need some exercise for chrissake...

JOE (out of breath)
Mr. Gekko, I don't think I can...go on.

GEKKO
...finish out the game, Joe, push yourself...

Meant paternally or sadistically, it's hard to tell. Gekko hits him the ball, a big fat shot. Joe returns. Gekko moves him around the court, as if punishing him, the kid exhausted but the ball's never quite out of reach -- till Joe finally can't take it anymore and at the end of his breath, smashes into the wall and collapses. Gekko laughs. Joe lying there like a sad dog as Gekko hauls him up.

INT. YALE CLUB STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

Gekko and Joe sit alone, wreathed in steam.

JOE

...you went to Yale, Mr. Gekko

GEKKO (laughs)

...City College. Subway fares were my tuition...bought my way in, every one of these stuffy farts are sucking my kneecaps for a drink and a free ride

JOE (easing into it)

Uh, Mr. Gekko, we took a little loss today. We got stopped out on Teleco...

(Gekko waits)

...about 100 thousand

Gekko's expression is frightening but cool.

GEKKO

I guess your father's not a union representative on that company

JOE (shocked)

What? How do you know about my father?

GEKKO

The most valuable commodity I know of is information. Wouldn't you agree?

JOE (exhaling deeply)

Yes...

INT. YALE CLUB LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Naked men, steam baths, muscular masseurs, a sense of privacy and wealth among men. Joey is slumped on a bench after taking a shower, drinking a Coke. Gekko towelling himself down, getting dressed...people constantly stopping by to greet him. Hi Fred, hi Barry, how's the wife...still living in Larchmont? Yeah still commuting...y'ever do anything with that Aetna Gas deal...nah...fishing for informaion, for a possible drink or meeting but Gekko stonewalls them all...

GEKKO (looking at Joe thru the mirror)

The public is out there throwing darts at a board, sport. I don't throw darts at a board. I only bet sure things.

Read SunTzu's "The Art of War." To paraphrase him, 'every battle is truly won before it is ever fought'. Your work's good but flash in the pan, fluky. I been in the business since '69. You need a system,

(CONTINUED)

GEKKO (Cont'd)

discipline, good people, not deal junkies and toreadors, the deal flow burns most people out at 35. Most of em with their MBAs from Harvard never really make it to the top. I'm a believer in PSHs, poor, smart and hungry. And no feelings. You don't win em all, you don't lose em all, you keep on fighting, and if you need a friend, get a dog, it's trench warfare out there sport... (eyeing the surroundings) and in here too. I got twenty other brokers out there, kiddo, analyzing charts. I don't need another one.

As if to go, he turns. Joe panicking. Is this the kissoff?

JOE (with all his conviction)

I'm not just another broker Mister Gekko. If you give me another chance, I'll prove it to you.

Gekko is starting to walk out, then looks back, a beat, walks over to Joe.

GEKKO

You want another chance then stop sending me information and start getting me information. Get dressed, I'll show you my charts

Joe pulls his shirt on. Yes sir!

INT. GEKKO LIMOUSINE - EVENING

Cruising up Park Avenue. A panel slides open next to the bar with a portable computer on it. A television is on to the evening news, a low hum of voices. Gekko punches into the keyboard of the computer. A name appears on the screen... LAWRENCE WILDMAN III with curriculum vitae following, address, phones, businesses...

GEKKO

Know the name?

JOE

'Course. Larry Wildman. One of the first corporate raiders.

GEKKO (amused, cold hatred)
Sir Larry Wildman. A 'gentleman' who
 doesn't think he has an asshole, like all
 Brits he thinks he was born with a better
 pot to piss in...bribed an old secretary
 of mine to open her mouth and stole
 Genaco Oil right from under me.

JOE (excited)
 I remember that deal. You were involved?

Gekko shuts off the computer and slides it back into the housing,
 his eyes taking in the low-volume news.

GEKKO
 Revenge, they say, is a dish best served
 cold...well, it's payback time, sport
 (looking out suddenly)
 ...see that building? I bought it ten
 years ago. It was my first real estate
 deal. I sold it a couple years later and
 made a three million dollar profit. At
 that time I thought that was all the
 money in the world...
 (drinks)
 Now, it's a day's pay. What do you think
 of the wine

JOE
 Excellent

GEKKO
 Private reserve from a vineyard of ours
 in Sonoma...so I had a mole in Wildman's
 employ. He told me something but
 unfortunately he was fired. He gave
 me half the picture...

JOE
 I don't understand.

GEKKO
 Wildman's in town. Something big is
 about to go down. I want you to follow him.
 I need to know where he goes and who he
 sees. I want you, sport, to give me the
 missing half of the picture...

JOE

Follow him? Mr. Gekko I...

(shaken)

I couldn't do that. I could lose my license.
If the SEC found out, I could go to jail.
That's inside information.

GEKKO (scratches his head wryly)

Inside information. Oh you mean like when
a father tells his son about a court ruling
on an airline? Or someone overhears me
saying I'm gonna buy Cromwell Paper?
Or the chairman of the board of XYZ suddenly
knows it's time to dump XYZ. You mean that?

(a piercing look)

I'm afraid sport; unless you got a father
on the board of directors of another company,
you and I are gonna have a hard time doing
any business...

Joe downs the rest of his drink, upset by the darkening mood.
There's something very powerful and frightening about Gekko
that's ensnaring him.

JOE

What about hard work?

GEKKO

What about it? You work hard, don't you?
I'll bet you stayed up all night
charting that stock. And where'd it get
you?...my father worked like a termite
selling electrical supplies. So hard he
dropped dead of a heart attack at 49 and
the bank pissed on his grave and foreclosed
on his house...Wake up kiddo, if you're
not inside you're outside. You had what it
takes to get through my door. Next question
is do you have what it takes to stay...

The car stopping in traffic. Horns honking.

GEKKO (pointing)

Look out there...

Their POV -- a STREET CORNER. A richly dressed EXECUTIVE
stands at the curb next to a BUM with a shopping cart filled
with garbage.

GEKKO (O.S.)

Do you really think the difference between
this guy and that guy is luck?

As they drive on in silence. Gekko checks his watch, pulls out the telephone.

GEKKO

...when it comes to money, Joe, every man's of the same religion. Or should be...Hope you don't mind if I let you off here, I'm late for a meeting...

EXT. PARK AVENUE - EVENING

The CHAUFFEUR lets Joe out the door...Joe looks back at Gekko.

JOE

All right, Mister Gekko...all right.

His eyes telling us he is weighed down by chains of guilt about it.

Gekko smiles, gazes at the twilight skyline, a sudden look of contentment.

GEKKO

Yeah, it's a beautiful night. I love this hot stinkin' city.

(pointing up Park Avenue)

...nothing else like it in the world. Eight million people living on each other's heads, kids born, millionaires dying, people praying, junkies, whores, wills, lawyers, deals, parties, sex...guys like you Joey -- dreaming about the big score. You know the best thing about New York sport, is everything you can do here. And the worst thing is everything you can't afford to do...

He shuts the door. Joe watches as the limo drives off.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT - DAWN

The streets are empty, garbage trucks moving as Joey waits next to his bike across from one of the most desirable addresses in New York. The Doorman rushes to open the door under the canopy as a tall strong man in his fifties emerges with a LAWYER TYPE and a FEMALE EXECUTIVE. The man is SIR LAURENCE WILDMAN and his manner and gait convey the impression of an authoritative presence with little patience as the chauffeur opens the door and he slides into the black seat of the limo.

Joey, astride Marv's Kawasaki 500, hits the streets after him.

The Music through the following Montage should suggest a chase brio.

EXT. WALL STREET BUILDING - MORNING

Joe shooting past the Trinity Church structure...Wildman gets out of his limo with his people, strides into the lobby.

Joe quickly parks his bike on the sidewalk and rushes in after them...not a second too late.

INT. LOBBY - WALL STREET BUILDING - DAY

Joe just manages to squeeze into the elevator with Wildman and crew -- and a couple other early birds -- as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Joe eyeing Wildman, looks away as Wildman looks back at him, an edge of defiance to him, why are you staring at me? Not the world's most likable personality.

INT. JACKSON, STEINEM - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The doors open and Wildman and co. step out into the reception area of Jackson, Steinem Investment Bankers...The doors close and Joey continues upwards.

EXT. WALL STREET BUILDING - LATER MORNING

The street now jammed with people hurrying to work. Joey paces the curb, reacting when Wildman walks out, saying goodbye to the Female Executive and getting in the limo with his lawyer...Joey follows.

INT. LE CIRQUE RESTAURANT - PARK AVENUE - DAY

Formal French haute cuisine. Power lunches in progress. As Wildman is seated with several well-dressed BANKERS at a good table, Joe tries to wrangle a table from a stiff looking Maitre D'it, who shakes his head, barely concealing his attitude towards Joey's general demeanor.

EXT. LE CIRQUE - DAY

Joey waits outside, bored, as Wildman steps out, shakes hands with the bankers...

EXT. MANUFACTURERS HANOVER TRUST - LATER DAY

Camera driving up to it from Joey's POV as Wildman steps out of a limo, heading inside...

Joey checking the time, makes an entry into his notebook like any good spy.

EXT. MIDTOWN TUNNEL QUEENS -- DAY

Music rising to triumphant proportions. AERIAL SHOT of the Limo emerging from the tunnel and onto the Long Island Expressway. CAMERA MOVES IN, picking up Joey on the Kawasaki, darting through lanes, staying several car lengths behind.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

The Limo winds its way around the perimeter road, past commercial airliners. It takes the turnoff for Butler Aviation. Joey exits the ramp shortly after them.

EXT. BUTLER AVIATION AIRFIELD - DAY

A corporate saberliner jet, its engine running, is idled at the end of the taxiway. The limo pulls up along the tarmac next to it and Wildman steps out, walking past a MECHANIC to the stairs of the plane. A STEWARDESS waits for him.

EXT. RAMP - DAY

Joe watches, wondering what to do as the plane taxis down the runway. He spots the flight mechanic and the answer comes to him. He starts running toward the mechanic.

EXT. APRON - DAY

Joe races up to the mechanic.

JOE

Oh shit, don't tell me Mister Wildman
was on board that plane?

(the mechanic nods)

My boss is gonna kill me. I was supposed
to give him this

(holding his notebook)

You know where that plane is going?

MECHANIC (walking off)

Erie, Pennsylvania...

Joe watching the plane take off, smiles to himself.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY

JOE (into phone, proudly)

...after spending the morning at Jackson,
Steinem -- on the 14th floor, the junk
bonds department -- where Shane Mora works --
he had lunch at Le Cirque with a group
of well-dressed heavysset bean-counters...

(Gekko voiceback: "the adjectives
are reduntant, sport")

...he later stopped off at Manny-Hanny's.
I'd say from all the palm-pressing and
sweet smiling going on that Larry got
a nice fat loan...

INT. GEKKO LIMOUSINE- HEADING DOWN PARK AVENUE - DAY

Alex and Lisa are with him. Gekko playing the computer,
eyes lighting up on the phone.

GEKKO

...bright but not bright enough, Sherlock
you missed the forest for the trees...
roll the dice and play a little monopoly...
what utility would Sir Lawrence land
on in Erie, Pennsylvania

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Joe slapping his face, realizing.

JOE
 Jesus Christ, he's buying American
 Steel!

INT. GEKKO LIMO - DAY

Gordon already has the closing figures punched up on his
 quotron. Calls his shot.

GEKKO
 When the market opens tomorrow, buy five
 thousand March fifty calls. Start buying
 ten thousand share blocks and take it
 up to fifty dollars. When it reaches
 fifty, you can let out a little taste
 to your friends. Then call this number --
 243-7616: tell the man "blue horseshoe
 loves American Steel..." you just jumped
 two grades Joey, congrats, you know what
 they say, 90% of life's being in the right
 place at the right time, the other 10%
 is luck...be in touch

(hangs up)

He hangs up, looks at Alex and Lisa.

GEKKO
 Sun Tzu say -- the skillful employer of
 men employs (a) the wise man because he
 likes to show off his brains b) the brave
 man cause he likes to show his courage
 (c) the greedy man cause he's quick at
 taking advantage...and (d) the stupid
 man... (pause) because he has no fear
 of death. (to Alex)...start buying American
 Steel in London and Hong Kong...

EXT. NORTHSTAR AIRLINES (LaGUARDIA) - EVENING (SAME DAY)

Joey parks his bike in front of a HANGAR and heads inside.

INT. NORTHSTAR MAINTENANCE HANGAR - NIGHT

A large company banner hangs from the rafters: "Northstar --
 The Vision Goes On." Joey's father, Carl, and Charley Dent
 and Dominick Amato are changing the generator on a 727.
 A welder is repairign a wing seam. Joey shouting to
 his Dad over the noise.

JOE
 Hey Dad!...Hiya Charlie...Dominick...

They wave back, Carl climbing down a maintenance stand...
lights up a cigarette.

CARL

What brings you out here...

JOE

Client. Got a private jet over at Butler
Aviation...Dad, you always gotta light
up when you see me, it's the...

CARL (don't bother me look)

Oh shit. don't start. What is it...money?

Joe takes out his wallet, smiles, peels out 10 \$100 bills.

JOE

Yeah. In fact I'm doing great. New
client. Whole new league. It's starting to
happen Dad. The Academy Award! You
know what I'm saying

Dad doesn't but Joey sticks the cash in his hand.

CARL (doesn't)

Sure...lots of guys at the track talk
like that...but how do I know you'll
have any dough next month...

(looking at the money)

What's this? I gave you two hundred

JOE

Dividend. I figure I owe you about five
thousand in nickels...

CARL (tries to give it back)

...don't be crazy

JOE (pushes it back)

Dad. Come on, take it. You're always giving
me. You given me too much. I want to give
you something.

CARL

Put it to your school loans

JOE

Don't worry about the loans. I'm doing
good Dad and it's gonna stay that way
now...least buy yourself a new suit

CARL

What do I need a fancy suit for. I don't live in fancy-schmancy Manhattan and hobnob with the jet set. I just fix their planes

Joey forces the money into his hand.

JOE

...then buy yourself a decent bowling jacket so when you take Mom out you don't look like the Roto Rooter man. Come on, for godsakes, that's what money's for. Enjoy yourself...

Touched, his father shakes his head and smiles. He takes it.

CARL

I always felt money cost too much. You love it, people say you're greedy, you invest it, a capitalist, spend it a playboy, and if you save it they say you never lived to enjoy it...thanks...

JOE (admiration)

...Dad, you should've been a CEO.

INT. WIRE ROOM - BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Joe stands at the front of a line of brokers waiting to place their opening orders. He is writing out Gekko's purchase ticket. Close on the ticket which reads: 10S AM STL 46.

Music skips along in a revolving, madcap fashion.

A clerk comes over and takes a seat behind the desk.

Joe silent, an intent look on his face, gazing up at the digital clock...as it flicks to 9:30...post time.

Tickers, squawk boxes and shouting erupt.

Joe slides his ticket into the order chute. The clerk removes the ticket from the chute. It's quickly handed off to the WIRE ROOM OPERATOR, who rapidly starts to type the buy order for AM STL, AMERICAN STEEL, onto a teletype machine.

INT. FLOOR OF NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

The completed American Steel order spits out of the teletype. A CLERK hands the buy order to the FLOOR MANAGER. He starts writing a ticket as we pull back:

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE BOOTH - DAY

Company floor traders are jammed into a narrow booth, frantically taking orders over phones and telex machines.

The FLOOR MANAGER gives the ticket to a RUNNER, a young man wearing worn sneakers, who dashes off. We follow him across the scruffy Exchange Floor, as he weaves through a crush of traders crammed around horseshoe-shaped kiosks, cathode-ray tubes slung above them, displaying the latest prices in bright, green letters and numbers. Intermittent shrieks and howls, calls to buy and sell, issue from the far reaches of the labyrinthian room.

As in the final leg of a relay race, the RUNNER hands the ticket off to a COMPANY TRADER, who is buying and selling at the post where American Steel is traded. The TRADER checks the ticket and turns to the SPECIALIST, executing the order.

The camera moves up as the American Steel (AM STL) quote flashes across the broad tape -- as the price ticks up from 46 to 46 1/4.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Joe paces nervously at his desk, looking up at the office ticker. AM STL appears on the screen, now up to 47.

INT. WIRE ROOM - DAY

Joe is writing another buy TICKET for AM STL at 47 1/4.

INT. STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR - DAY

The SAME RUNNER races over, handing Joe's next TICKET to the COMPANY TRADER.

Tilt up to the broad tape.

As AMERICAN STEEL, AM STL, rises to 48 1/8.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

On Joe, eating a sandwich, eyes glued to the ticker. AM STL has climbed to 48 3/4. Marv stalks by, shouting on the phone. Joe looks away from the ticker, pretending to read a report. When Marv disappears, Joe hastily scrawls out yet another BUY TICKET at 49.

INT. STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR - DAY

On the tired RUNNER dodging through the crowd, and over to the TRADER handing him a new ticket.

INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Close on the OFFICE TICKER -- as American Steel hits 50.

Joey jumps up from his chair, and animatedly crosses to Marv who is on the phone, cold calling.

MARV

Tell Mr. Ehrlich that I've got important financial news! It concerns his future.

Joe presses down the phone button, cutting him off.

MARV

What the hell...

JOE

American Steel. Buy it.

Marv looks at Joe and sees a look on his face that he's never seen before.

MARV

American Steel -- right.

Joe leaves, Marv re-dials.

MARV

Dr. Lasker, have I got one for you!

Lou Davis hangs up the phone, a troubled, twitching look. Joe leans into his office.

JOE

Mr. Davis, got a sure thing
(whispering)
American Steel

DAVIS (scoffs)

Ah, no such thing as a sure thing in this life, Joe -- 'cept death and taxes, I know the Company, did well with it in the 50's, but now it's just speculation...

JOE (softly)

Buy it

Dan Hickey's stirring his Bloody Mary with a ball point pen, while talking confidentially on the phone.

HICKEY

I've just heard the most lovely two words...'American Steel.'

Joey dialing the phone number that Gekko gave him. He speaks into the receiver, in a hushed voice.

JOE

...Blue horseshoe loves American Steel.
(hangs up)

INT. WALL STREET JOURNAL OFFICE - DAY

The REPORTER on the other end of the phone hangs up. He rises from his desk, strides across the busy news floor, over to his EDITOR.

REPORTER

American's Steel's in play.

EXT. GEKKO APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - TWILIGHT

A super luxury building overlooking the East River and the United Nations.

GEKKO VOICE OVER

Sweeten the offer, tgive them stock options and throw in some convertible preferreds...

INT. GEKKO DEN - TWILIGHT

A magnificent stark blending of the old and new. Antique French furniture jostling with contempo art by Hockney, Pollack, Klein, Rothko, etc. Angles sofas, triangular tables, Corbusier chairs...a sweeping view of the East River and north Manhattan.

GEKKO CONT.

...Cromwell wants to play financial chicken with me, we'll see who swerves first. Where the hell's Gene?

Slumped on the sofa, exhausted, he's watching one of several television news reports that he master-controls with a remote. Attending are Alex, Susan Turner and HAROLD SOLOMON, his chief lawyer, thick glasses, smart eyes and bags of worry that could only come from watching over other people's money...

SUSAN

You sent him to Vermont to get the deposition from the CFO Cromwell fired.

GEKKO

...done and done. Night troops. And Susan no legs waving in the air tonight. I want you dreaming about Cromwell Paper.

The Korean houseboy coming in.

HOUSEBOY

Call for you sir, a reporter from Time Magazine, says it's important...

GEKKO

I'm not home

As they leave the room, Gekko checks out a Reuters wire positioned nearby, spewing out telexes...Harold Solomon hangs back, sliding up to Gekko in his highly judicial, undertaker fashion.

TV NEWSMAN

...the Dow was up 15 points today in active trading. Fueled by several large buy programs and takeover rumors, volume was heavy with...

HAROLD

My partners are putting pressure on me, G.G. -- about this off-shore business. We've had some inquiries from the SEC...

GORDON (dismisses it)

...looking for red flags, what else is new, have they proved anything?

HAROLD (firmly)
 ...they want to stay out of that area.
 They're firm on that...

GORDON (stung)
 Shakespeare was right, kill all the
 lawyers first and then do business.
 I hear you Harold...Then I'll give
 the legal fees to someone who will...
 talk to you...

Focusing on the TV. Harold leaves, almost running over Gordon's
 3 year-old son RUDY, who drives into the room in the latest
 electronic baby toy -- a Porsche-bodied electric car.

GORDON
 Rudy Kazootee, how's my cutie!

The kid jumps out of the car and scoots into his father's lap.

RUDY
 Daddy bad boy! bad boy! -- play with
 Wudi...Now!

GORDON
 No, not now Rudy. Daddy's making money
 to buy you toys. Daddy work

RUDY
 Daddy bad boy!

Gordon absently tousles Rudy's hair, his eyes glued to the TV.
 The kid senses it, jumps back off the lap and into the car.

BUSINESS ANALYST (different station
 than before)
 ...the big story tonight is American
 Steel which closed at 57 and 1/8.
 Up 12 and 1/8 from yesterday's close
 on heavy trading...

KATE, Gordon's beautiful, raven-haired wife, homemaker and
 antiquer, enters with the bovine-eyed AU PAIR GIRL from
 France...just as Rudy drives his car into a wall where
 it stalls, engines grinding.

GORDON (can't hear, to Kate)
 Shut that off, willya!

Kate, upset with the noise, tries to pull her son nicely
 out of the car.

KATE

I think somebody's playing hooky from the bathtub. Rudy, say goodnight Daddy...

But the kid has no intention of going anywhere and plants his feet and emits the loudest shrieking this side of the fat lady in the opera.

KATE (helpless, flustered)

Nicole! Take him will you...

Handing the bawling, writhing mass of anger to Nicole as if it were laundry she doesn't quite want to touch...Nicole takes the screaming out of the room...Gordon trying to concentrate on the TV. The phone rings with a soft hush, Gordon picking it up.

GORDON

Yes?

JOE (OFF)

Mr. Gekko I been trying to reach you. We got the options. We got a good execution on them!

BUSINESS ANALYST

Management issued a terse no comment. Wildman would not return phone calls. Analysts claim the stock may trade as high as \$75...

KATE

John and Carmen are here and the Bernsteins are on their way up...

GORDON (nods, listening to phone)

I'll be right there, fix them a drink

INTERCUT TO:

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Papers and charts are strewn around, trailing down to a box of take-out pizza and empty beer bottles.

JOE (almost apologetic, speeding on the high of the buy)

...I got all I could get which was 250,000 shares plus the options. I just wish I could've reached you before it hit fifty. It happened so fast. We could've raised our bid.

GEKKO

Relax sport, you'll burn out. Don't expect to get it all. First rule of business is never get emotional about stock, it clouds the judgment. Where do we stand?

JOE (shifting the figures)

...at this point, we're up two million one hundred eighteen thousand, six hundred and change...

GEKKO (smiles)

You're walking between the raindrops Joe. I expect Sir Larry to buy it back at double that by the end of the week. Take your girlfriend out and celebrate. Spend some money.

JOE (swatting a cockroach from his pizza)

I don't have one at the moment. Actually it's a little hard to meet people when I'm working for somebody like you Mister Gekko.

Gekko rips a telex off the Reuters machine, reading it, the magnificent view of the upper east side beneath him.

GEKKO

...you're getting there Joe, you know that old Russian proverb, "a fisherman always sees another fisherman from afar"... (pause) I feel that way about you, kiddo. You could be one of the great ones.

JOE (laughs, flattered)

Where do you get those proverbs Mister Gekko

GEKKO

Gordon...you can call me Gordon

JOE (pause)

Gordon, okay...

GEKKO

It's about time the company gave you a perk or two. Stay home tonight. We'll be in touch.

Gekko hangs up, dials another number.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A smashing looking BRUNETTE in a fitted Chanel suit, ropes of pearls and chains, short tight skirt, her beautiful long legs, climbing up a stairway in high-heel pumps. She gets to the landing, searches for an apartment and rings the bell. Joe opens it.

INT. JOE'S APT. - NIGHT

He's knocked for a loop. The brunette smiles pleasantly, taking in the apartment, hiding her distaste as best she can.

LISA

Hello Joe, I'm Lisa, a friend of Gordon's.

JOE (in a daze)

Lisa. Gordon? Oh, Mr. Gekko. Sure. Would you, uh, like to come in?

LISA

Didn't he tell you? (sighs) That's so like Gordon. Get dressed, we're going out.

JOE

We are?

EXT. JOE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A stretch limo is parked in front, neighborhood WINOS inspecting it. The CHAUFFEUR opens the back door, as Lisa steps inside, Joey in tow. The winos clap, howling at her.

INT. LIMOUSINE NIGHT

Joe in the back seat next to Lisa, gazes out the black tinted window as they drive away, then turns to her as she gives him a bottle of champagne to open.

JOE

So where we going?

LISA

Wherever you like, Lutece, 21, the River Cafe...or maybe we can just drive around for awhile.

(provocatively)

Work up an appetite.

She crosses her legs. Joe's eyes moving south. He pops the cork. Lisa does a little blow, offers him.

LISA

Want some?

(he snorts)

Gordon tells me you're a very talented broker. What do you like?

JOE (feeling the rush)

Like? Uh...hmmm. well -

LISA

I got this guy who should know tells me buy Hewlett Packard but I been burned on tips. What do you think Joe?

JOE

Let's see, it closed at uh, 41 1/8...

(his voice cracking)

Up a quarter...very attractive...about average yield...

She unzips his fly.

JOE

Rising profits...strong balance sheets, good earnings per share...

LISA (removing her blouse)
So you're hot on this stock?

JOE (nods, moaning)
It's ready to take off. I'd jump all
over it if I were you.

As she pulls up her skirt and climbs on top of Joey.

INT. JOE'S BROKERAGE OFFICE - MORNING

Joey struts past Carolyn at the reception desk, in high spirits.

CAROLYN (smiles)
Morning Joey, you look happy

JOE
Any better and I'd be guilty

CAROLYN (picking up the flow)
You were never that innocent sugarpie

JOE (coyly)
...how do you know? You wish...

INT. MAIN BOARD ROOM - DAY

Joe passes Dan Hickey who is pouring his morning highball
from his thermos.

JOE
Morning Dan...

DAN
You're a blessing in disguise Joe,
a blessing in disguise...

As Joe crosses to his desk, other brokers eyeing him. He falls
silent as he finds his desk totally cleared. Stunned, he
turns to Marv who's busy on the phone.

JOE
What happened!

MARV (cupping the receiver)
Lynch wants to see you, right away

Joe turns and locks eyes with Lynch, standing behind his
office window. There's a lump in Joe's throat, he fears
the worst -- he's been caught. Heart pounding, he slowly
heads towards the manager's office. Lynch comes out to meet him.

LYNCH

I'd like a word with you. Why don't we go in here?

Joe follows Lynch into a private office.

INT. JOE OFFICE - DAY

Neatly furnished, with a window overlooking Wall Street, an attractive Chinese SECRETARY filing papers into a cabinet.

LYNCH (smiles)

I knew the minute I laid eyes on you you had what it takes Joe. Congratulations.

(points)

This is yours now..your own file cabinets... a window...your private secretary, Janet

(under his breath)

significantly more attractive.

JANET

Nice to meet you, Mister Fox.

She smiles at Joe, who heaves a sigh of relief, noticing his name plate on the desk.

JOE (thrilled)

Thank you Janet...thank you Mr. Lynch

LYNCH

No, thank you. Just keep up the good work, Joe

He winks and leaves. Marv sticks his head in the doorway, a grudging smile.

MARV

So it's mister cocksucker, now.

Joe flips Marv the bird, puts it away, realizing his secretary is there. Marv goes.

JANET (efficient)

Mr. Fox, looking through the files I notice we have no margin agreements signed with Mr. Gekko. If we don't get them in by...

JOE (paling)

Jesus he's leaving town, I got to get right on that

EXT. GEKKO'S BEACH HOUSE - BRIDGEHAMPTON - NIGHT

Joe's POV as he drives through a rainstorm, the wipers squeaking against the window as he pulls up to an austere, ultra-sophisticated monolith of glass and wood dominating a stretch of dune overlooking the Atlantic's angry surf. Several Jags, state of the art Jeeps and a Rolls are drawn up outside.

Joe, getting out of a rented Suzuki jeep, dashes up the stairs to the door, getting drenched in the process, keeping his attache case dry. He rings several times.

A BLACK BUTLER opens it and looks at Joey somewhat warily. Laughter and voices are heard from inside.

BUTLER (pretentiously, high English accent)
Can I help you?

JOE
Joe Fox. Got some papers for Mr. Gekko to sign.

BUTLER
Fox? Wait a moment please.

Without thinking he closes the door in Joe's face. He stands there, harrassed, peering around through a window on the lawn. A small gathering of friends in progress around a glowing fireplace. The butler waves him in from the door.

INT. GEKKO FOYER - NIGHT

Joe enters, dripping water on the floor as Gekko approaches. He seems annoyed to be disturbed at his country home.

GEKKO
What's the problem?

JOE
Sorry, Gordon, but I need these margin agreements signed tonight or...I'm gonna take a major bath...
(wiping the rain from his face)

GEKKO (bored, takes them)
All right. Wait here...

About to go when his wife Kate comes over.

KATE
Problems?

GEKKO

No...Joe Fox, my wife Kate...

They exchange pleasantries.

KATE

You came from the city?

(with a look to Gordon)

Why don't you dry off, have a drink

Gekko doesn't seem to like the idea but...

GEKKO

Yeah why not Joe boy...

Kate's walking back inside to her guests as Joe sidles over to Gekko.

JOE

...if you'd rather not Mr. Gekko,
I can leave...

INT. GEKKO HOUSE - NIGHT

Immense slanted ceiling, metal boilerplate spiral staircase, granite floors, ebony euro-style furniture, dozens of contemporary art objects, including strange junk sculptures and stabiles made of aircraft aluminum; huge, black steel frame floor-to-ceiling windows that look out on a cantilevered deck, pool -- and ocean beyond.

GEKKO

...it's okay Joey, you know Alexis

(Alex and his date shake hands faintly aloof)

...this is Stone Livingston...and his wife Muffie

(a young stuffy banker in weekend corduroys looks at Joe as if he obviously doesn't belong)

...Charlie Pfeiffer, Nona Winters, Dick Brady...Darren Taylor

Joe looking wide-eyed at the beautiful "Calvados" BLONDE he's been dreaming of for weeks...she hardly recognizes him, nods back, they all nod back, naturally suspicious of the outsider with the wet clothes and workmanlike manner...meanwhile Rudy's TOY ROBOT has been wheeling around the floor with a drink on its tray, talking computer talk...

STONE LIVINGSTON (charmed by it)
 ...wonderful idea Gordon, good help is hard
 to find these days but can he whip up a
 dry vodka martini...

GEKKO
 ...well he doesn't talk back or steal the
 silver and Dick's gonna get me an
 exemption on him, aren't you...
 (Dick Brady is obviously an accountant)

A KOREAN HOUSEBOY has come over to Gekko.

HOUSEBOY
 Call for you sir. Sir Larry Wildman, he
 says it's important...

Joey tightens, so does the whole room hearing the name of the
 moment. Gekko smiles at Joey.

GEKKO
 He has a house down the road. Stick around,
 this could be fun...
 (to houseboy)
 Make Mr. Livingston a martini would you
 Nyung

As he goes to the alcove to take the call. Joey plucks a
 drink off the robot's tray and plunks himself down on a
 piece of modern furniture that practically engulfs him like
 a man-eating plant. Muffie Livingston, next to him,
 glances distastefully at him.

MUFFIE
 I don't think you want to sit there.
 That's suede...

JOE
 Oh...

Noticing the water stain that is spreading from his pants.
 He stands, starts wiping it.

MUFFIE
 You're just making it worse

Embarrassed he walks away, the guests continuing their bantering.

INT.GEKKO ALCOVE - NIGHT

GEKKO (on phone)
 Larry, what a surprise...(beat) can't this
 wait till Monday. I got some people over
 (dryly)
 ...if you feel that way Larry, come over.

INT. GEKKO HOUSE - NIGHT

The blonde, DARIEN TAYLOR, is examining a modern sculpture as Joey comes over with two Calvados.

JOE

I been holding these drinks for us
the last three weeks

DARIEN (uncomprehending)

Excuse me

JOE

Calvados: a romantic and tragic drink

DARIEN

Oh yes, I remember you

JOE

Destiny took us apart, but I knew it
would bring us back together

DARIEN

Aha. Poet or philosopher?

JOE

Stock broker. As in: never have so few
done so little for so much

DARIEN

Economist. You'll never starve

She drinks. He drinks. Awkward eyes. Joe indicates the sculpture -- out of the smashed car fender school, compacted in a hydraulic press along with beer cans and esquire magazine covers.

JOE

So what do you see in this?

DARIEN (admiring)

It's stunning

JOE

...few thousand dollars down the drain
you ask me

DARIEN (smiles)

...more like 50...

JOE (chokes)

50,000 for that!

DARIEN

You know what they say about the Hamptons, money doesn't speak here, it goes without saying. The one next to it is probably 75.

Joe looking. Another sculpture -- of wood and crystal glass with a giant sailcloth sticking out of it.

JOE

That's even uglier. Boy, Gordon's sure been taken to the cleaners here.

DARIEN (showing off a bit)

Not really. Damien Gyushi -- Japanese. And that's a Jeremy Bennett.

They're both infra-red right now. They attract heat, but I happen to agree with you on Gyushi. It's a sacrilege hanging him next to a Sula.

(indicating a painting next to it)

I'd run over it with a dune buggy if Gordon had a sense of humor about these things...and I'd move these sofas away from the wall. Too much scale and starkness. It makes people feel small when they should feel big and larger than life...but there I go again. I can't walk into a house without redecorating it.

JOE

Ergo you're a decorator

DARIEN

A great spender of other people's money, a hanger of paintings and a self-proclaimed icon of taste...

JOE

Well if you're that good, you could probably do wonders at my place...

DARIEN

You have a house out here?

JOE

No. Not yet. But soon...I live in Manhattan. Upper West Side.

DARIEN

So do I...where?

JOE

Oh it's just a small place but I'm moving soon. I've got a couple of deals brewing with Gordon (shifts uncomfortably with his pretension) but that's just conversation...what about real things? Like dinner. The two of us. Friday. Upper West Side. Machiavelli's?

He waits, staring suddenly and deeply into her eyes.

DARIEN

What if I have a previous engagement?

JOE (firmly)

Break it

DARIEN (smiles, inscrutable)

So you really do believe in destiny?

JOE

Only if I want something bad enough

Mr. G.Q., her date CHUCK PFEIFFER, intersects with Kate. A strong, handsome male with an endearing grin.

PFEIFFER

...there you go again talking with strange men

KATE

That's our Darien: elusive, reclusive, exclusive. (to Chuck) You know Joe right? He works with Gordon... (Chuck nodding, big smile) are you staying for dinner Joe?

JOE (hesitant, eyes Darien)

No, I'm afraid I've got to get back to the city...

Kate noticing the doorbell ringing.

KATE

...excuse me

Chuck muttering something in Darien's ear of an intimate nature. She glides away with him.

DARIEN (to Joe)

Call me next week, I'll give you an estimate...

An ironic promise in her eyes...Joe ecstatic inside...
looks over, goes to the foyer...

INT. GEKKO ALCOVE - NIGHT

Sir Larry Wildman walks in, his country gentlemen clothing somewhat softening his imposing figure but not the cultured, rapacious eagle's face. With him a lawyer.

KATE (strained)
Larry, how have you been? Get you a drink?

WILDMAN (slightly impatient)
Oh fine. Travelling actually. Nothing
thank you. Is...

KATE
Gordon?...He's right here

As Gordon makes his entrance, casually tasting a spot of
the dinner.

GORDON
Larry! Excuse me "sir" Larry, great to
see you again, you're looking good
(handshakes)

WILDMAN
Gordon...(sniffing the guests and furnishings
in the room as if they were stale air)

JOE (leaving, to Gordon)
I guess I'll head back...

GORDON (spontaneously)
Stick around,,,Larry, one of my troops
-- Joe Fox.

Pleasantries. Joe nervously shakes hands, sensing Wildman
might recognize him from being tailed in the elevator.
There indeed is a moment but Wildman's attention blurs as...

GORDON
Shall we go into the library?

INT. GEKKO LIBRARY - NIGHT

A collection of fine old books, hunting prints on the wall,
an expensive rifle and old pistol collection, oak furniture...
Gekko proudly picks up one of these.

GEKKO

...a 45 caliber Luger, just got it.
Only six were ever manufactured.
Rarest pistol in the world.

WILDMAN

Congratulations but rarer still is your
interest in American Steel

GEKKO

The same interest as yours Larry. Money.
I thought it'd be a good investment
for my kid...

WILDMAN

No. This time I'm in. I'm going to turn
it around. You're getting a free ride on
my tail mate and with the dollars you're
costing me to buy back the stock, I could
modernize the plant. I'm not the only
one who pays here Gordon. We're talking
about lives and jobs; three and four
generations of steel workers...

A strong hint of the cockney working class east end London
boy whiffing through his speech and manner. The "mate" is
tough and to the point but not insulting...

GEKKO (has to smile)

You must be wearing a mask you're
laughing so hard behind it Larry.

Let's cut the "sir" crap. The richer
you get the more pious. Correct me if
I'm wrong, but when you took Diamond
Pipeline, you laid off 8,000 workers,
Jackson Fruit about 6,000, that airline...

WILDMAN (cold, deliberate)

I could break you, mate, in two pieces over
my knees, you know it, I know it, I could
buy you six times over, I could dump
the stock just to burn your ass but I
happen to want the company and I want
your block of shares. I'm announcing a
tender offer of 65 tomorrow, and I'm
expecting your commitment.

Joe watching this drama unfold, awed. Gekko is about to
blow, controls it.

GEKKO

Showdowns bore me Larry, neither side wins. You can have the company, it's not going anywhere, in fact it's gonna be fun watching you and your giant ego try to make a horserace out of it...

(turns to Joe)

What do you think is a fair price for our stock Joe?

Joe in the spotlight. The eyes all shift to him -- his moment. After an initial panic, he's cool as a cucumber -- and ruthless as his mentor.

JOE

The break up value is higher than that. It's worth 80.

GEKKO (nods)

Good advice, Joe. But we don't want to be greedy now, so let's let him have it at \$72

His eyes to Wildman who looks at him, cold, icy mean.

WILDMAN

You're a two bit pirate and a green mailer, Gekko, nothing more...not only would you sell your mother to make a deal, you'd send her COD...

Joe looking sharply as Gekko's eyes flare with hot white anger.

GEKKO

My mail's the same color as yours Larry. Now excuse me before I lose my temper...

He rises and exits.

WILDMAN

\$71...

Gekko stops at the door, a beat.

GEKKO

Considering you brought my mother into it, \$71.50.

WILDMAN

Done. You'll hear from my lawyers. 8 a.m. Good night.

He walks out with the silent lawyer. Past Gekko who watches.

GEKKO (to Joe)
 He's right. I had to sell. The key to the game is your capital reserves. You don't have enough, you can't pee in the tall weeds with the big dogs.

JOE (mimicking Gordon now)
 "All warfare is based on deception." Sun Tzu. "If your enemy is superior, evade him, if angry, irritate him, if equally matched, offer battle...if unequal, run from him and attack again another day..."

GEKKO (smiles, likes it)
 ...you're learning sport..."

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

Exhausted from the drive back, Joe takes off his sweater and tie and collapses onto the bed, closing his eyes. The phone rings. With a start he wakes and answers it.

JOE
 Yeah?...

EXT. GEKKO'S BEACH HOUSE - DAWN

The sky is still dark, the first rays of light coming up over the ocean. Gekko, a lonely figure in a windbreaker, restlessly prowls the edge of the beach, waves crashing around him. He's been up all night and has an exhausted, driven look as he whispers over the wind into the cellular phone...

GEKKO
 Money never sleeps sport. When I came in in 69, they traded six hours a day, now the clock don't stop, London's deregulated, the Orient is hungrier than us. Just let it circle the world, buying and selling, and if you're smart it comes back paying. I just made \$800,000 in Hong Kong gold. It's been wired to you -- play with it. I showed you how the game works, now school's out. That means if you use the word "charts" again, you're fired...

(smiles)

(CONTINUED)

GEKKO (CONT'D)

My wife tells me you put a move on Darien. Here's some inside info for you. That GQ guy she's going with is putting her feet to sleep. Walking papers are imminent. So don't lose your place in line

(gazing at the surf)

Oh jeez, I wish you could see this. The light's coming up over the water I've never seen a painting that captures the beauty of the ocean at this moment.

(suddenly fatigued)

I like you sport. Did I tell you that? Yeah you and me are gonna make a lot of shmabables together...money, jerk. I'm gonna make you rich enough you can afford a girl like Darien. This is your wake-up call -- go to work.

He lets the phone drop to his side, staring glaze-eyed at the ocean.

EXT. WALL STREET AREA - EARLY EVENING

A SECRETARY leads Joe into the plush, private office of a cocky mustached young lawyer, ROGER BARNES, his feet up on the desk, sleepily waving to Joey to park his ass...

ROGER BARNES

Fox, Joseph D is this deja vu or has it really been a year. You're not hitting me up for NYU are you?

JOE

Well we are thinking of putting up a statue of you in the subway. I hear you're moving up in the world. Junior partner. Not bad. How's Margie?

ROGER

Can't complain. Got a house in Oyster Bay. Market treating you good? Still seeing that sexy French gal?

JOE

Nah, language barrier and she smoked too much...but the money's tumbling in, the hours (a signal for "shaky")

ROGER

So you got a tip for an honest lawyer? What looks good?

JOE

Christie Brinkley

(Roger chuckles)

What about you, I hear you guys are handling Fairchild Foods. Any surprises I haven't read about in the Wall Street Journal?

ROGER (the smile fades)

Come on Joey, that's inside information. You wouldn't want to get me disbarred now would you?

JOE

Who's listening? It's just one college buddy talking to another

ROGER (sarcastic)

I can't believe this, you mister boyscout, do you think I'm going to jeopardize my career by divulging confidential information?

JOE

Relax, Roger, you don't know, you don't know.

Barnes kicks his feet off the desk, stares at Joey, measuring him.

ROGER

...and if I did, what's in it for me?

He obviously has thought about it before. Joe smiles.

JOE

More money than you ever dreamed, Roger. We open an off-shore account, I can do all your trading...park a 100-200 grand there. And the thing is no one gets hurt... let's get a beer...

Fear now shows in Roger's face, as he obviously has second thoughts.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROGER BARNES OFFICE - EVENING

They walk out past the CLEANING CREWS coming in for the evening, drones of the vacuum cleaners...Roger has a huge stack of briefs and attache case under his arm, the bureaucratic man, now equivocating.

ROGER

...I'm just a junior partner Joe.
Everything you'd want to know is behind
that door. But there's only one way
you're going to get in there: have
the words "senior partner" after your
name

Joe looks -- his POV...a CLEANING WOMAN as she pulls the vacuum cleaner into the office. Joe is lost in thought for a moment.

EXT. WALL STREET TAVERN - NIGHT

Roger Barnes says goodnight to Joey.

ROGER

Don't be a stranger...come out to the
house, we'll have dinner...

JOE

Right...right...

Watching Roger hurrying down the subway stairs. He turns and heads back to the offices.

INT. ROGER BARNES LAW OFFICE -- NIGHT

Joe steps out of the elevator, walks past the empty reception area and into the offices.

His POV -- a long empty hallway. Nobody in sight. Vacuuming is heard. Joe stands frozen, wondering if he should go through with what he has planned. He braces himself and moves forward with a confident air.

JOE (over the vacuuming noise)

Excuse me(louder)...excuse me

The Puerto Rican CLEANING LADY looks at him, turns off the vacuum.

JOE

I don't have my key. I need to get
into my office.

CLEANING WOMAN

No hablo Ingles

JOE (broken Spanish)

No tiene, tengo...

(showing a key)

mi officido. Tu abierto la puerta,
por favor

He fingers a couple dollar bills. She smiles, showing her keys, and follows Joe out of the office. He leads her to the office at the end of the hall. Joey's eyes flick nervously, as she puts the key into the lock and opens the door for him.

JOE

Muchas gracias.

He slips her the money. She nods, returning to work. Joe slips into the office.

INT. SR. PARTNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

He turns, eyes panning the shelves and file cabinets.

VOICE (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Joe's head jerks around. A young female PARA-LEGAL, burning the midnight oil, looks at him from behind a stack of briefs.

JOE

Gee, isn't this Roger Barnes' office?

PARALEGAL

No, he's down the hall. But I
think he's gone already...

JOE (shaken)

Oh well, I guess I'll try him at home.

He exits, closing the door. He wipes his brow, lets out a deep sigh, and hauls ass down the hall.

EXT. BARNES OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Joe comes out the building and starts walking away. As he passes the freight entrance, he notices a van marked REGAL MAINTENANCE COMPANY. He stops, thinks for a moment; a sly, wild look in his eyes.

EXT. LONG ISLAND CITY -- LIGHT INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Joe walks past a row of small warehouses and enters one.

INT. REGAL MAINTENANCE OFFICE AND GARAGE SERVICES - DAY

He steps into a shabby reception area. A chain-smoking OLD LADY looks up from the switch-board.

JOE

I need to speak to the owner about
some business.

INT. BACK OFFICE - DAY

The owner, a GREEK with bushy mustache and hardened face, sits at his desk eating lunch.

JOE

Mr. Panos, my name is Joe Fox. I'm
a stockbroker.

(hands him his card)

I have friends in some of the buildings
that you service and I'm impressed
with your work.

Panos eyes him, suspiciously.

JOE

I've charted the growth of new office
space in the city, and I think you're
in the right business at the right time.

PANOS

Thank you for telling me what I already
know.

JOE (smiles, good naturedly)

Look, I could use a tax break. This is
a growing business. Are you interested
in some working capital and a partner?

Panos puts down his sandwich, measuring Joe.

PANOS

I'm doing fine as is. What makes you
think I need a partner?

JOE

Mr. Panos, I'm an expert at identifying undervalued assets. You've got five vans. I'd say you could use three more. Forty-two employees is not enough to efficiently cover the buildings you have, let alone the new accounts you and I could get. And I think you could increase your productivity with tighter supervision.

PANOS (reluctantly impressed)

Fancy schmancy Wall Street talk. How much you pay? How much you want? Cash no paper. Talk...

Joe smiles, knows he's got what he wants.

JOE

All right, how 'bout this for openers? In six more months, this...

Writes the figures on a piece of paper and hands it to Panos, who studies it.

JANITORIAL MONTAGE:

The Music again invokes a climb to triumph.

EXT. BARNES OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A REGAL MAINTENANCE VAN pulls in front of the freight entrance. Joe climbs out with a clipboard and pen, wearing Levi's and a monogrammed REGAL CLEANING shirt.

INT. BARNES OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Joe walks up to the office door of a LAW FIRM. He takes out a large key ring, opens the door and enters.

The CREW SUPERVISOR introduces THREE CLEANING WOMEN, who nervously absorb Joe, worried for their jobs.

Joe strolls from office to office, looking official, pretending to oversee his crew, making notations on a checklist.

Joe slips into an empty office, starts rummaging through a file cabinet. He draws out a file, studying the document inside: CLOSE ON 13D FORM -- PROPOSED TAKEOVER OF GEODYNAMICS ENGINEERING CORP.

INT. ANOTHER LAW FIRM - NIGHT

Joe, in uniform with clipboard, passing a CLEANING WOMAN, who smiles politely. He ducks into a private office and combs through the files on the desk, finds a document of interest.

He furtively xeroxes it on a small hand-carried copy machine in his pocket or photographs it if it is too large.

INT. JOE BROKERAGE OFFICE - DAY (TWO MONTHS LATER)

BROKERS mill at their desks quietly. Joe enters, notices immediately the uneasy silence. His eyes go to Lynch's office... across the windows, he's talking to a very somber Dan Hickey.

JOE

What's going on?

MARV (looking in the same direction)

Lynch is giving him the boot...He's not pulling his quota.

Joe's soft "no" matched by that second, tighter look. His POV -- closer on the glass...Dan Hickey pleading for his job...we know the things he's saying, we've heard them before...just one more chance, Mr. Lynch...Lynch shaking his head...

MARV (cynically reminding him)

...we're all just one trade away from humility, Joey...

Dan Hickey steps out of the office, obviously close to tears but trying to maintain face...Joey's eyes dart away, not wanting to deal with it. Dan Hickey walks by him as Lynch, on the loudspeaker, starts his morning announcements.

LYNCH VOICE OVER

New research report on GM and a conference call on defense stocks at my office at 11. No RSVP required, just be there. And on an inspiring note I'm pleased to announced the new office record for a single month's gross commission. Goes to Joe Fox. Who more than doubled the old mark. Way to go Joe. Super job!

As Dan Hickey passes him during this speech, Joe catches a glimpse of the older man's eyes. Dan tries to look brave. Heads turning to Joe with awe and envy...

MARV

Congrats buddy buddy, you just made
my life twice as hard around here...

Joe moving to his office, past Lou Davis.

LOU DAVIS

You're on a roll kiddo. Enjoy it while
it lasts -- cause it never does.

INT. CONDOMINIUM APARTMENT - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

A splendid four-room thirtieth floor aerie overlooking Central Park. SYLVIE DRIMMER, anchored down with jewelry and a large fur purse, shows Joe around.

SYLVIE

...everybody tells ya they hate the Upper East Side and they wanna live on the West Side but honey when it comes to resale time, believe me the East Side's the one that always moves. Everybody lives here...Sydney, Barbara, Bob, Paul. Andy buys his fresh fruit from the Korean on 88th -- it's the new food store, it's an attitude is all, but...you pay for attitude

(pointing to a walk-in closet)

...two walk-in closets...upstairs on the roof you got a Vertical Club...massage, sauna, jacuzzi, sunlights, best schools in the city, cute boy like you gotta think of the lady in your life...oak strip floor, you can't get it from a bank, my husband'll get you a 10% mortgage...I'd do it myself if we weren't into four other deals already...so?... (beat) I got a four o'clock and a five...one of them's an all-cash type, but I'll give you first shot, cause you're cute, but make up your mind, I guarantee you this place is gone by tomorrow...

Joe looks around. The city at his feet. Lost in thought. Sylvie has to call him out of it: "honey?"

JOE

All right. Offer \$700,000...

Sylvie tries to play it cool, her expression conveying a somewhat stunned look at the speed and certainty of the response.

SYLVIE

...I think you gotta deal, honey... you sure you don't wanna see somethin' I got on East 80. It's a mill but...

JOE

Nah...this is it...home...

Looking over it, proud.

INTERIOR DECORATING, FOOD AND RESTAURANT MONTAGE - The Music is geared to triumph, speed, money, power...and just plain material fun.

WIPE TO:

INT. JOE CONDO - DAY

In its FIRST STAGE, Darien Taylor supervising, it's empty, grey and black rugs going in, ventilated gray blinds, the walls going to peach brown or hi-tech grey.

WIPE TO:

SECOND STAGE. Living Room Furniture arrives. State of the art, including a 35" TV, dual-headed and three-legged lamps, magnifier lamps, 55" configurating Halogen lamps...Darien sitting in an arboreal chair laughing at Joe's reactions to the furniture...

WIPE TO:

THIRD STAGE...a state of the art phone system is installed: a vibrating massage bed with heaters and a fold-in TV console that swings out as Darien lies on the bed, showing him how the gadget works. A look between them...

WIPE TO:

FOURTH STAGE. The Kitchen has the latest compact computer dishwasher and compact microwave, garbage compactor, and sinks with infrared controls...

FIFTH STAGE (FOOD MONTAGE) -- designed to give a sense of the modernist approach to food and its preparation. Joe does most of the cooking, Darien helping.

1) the electronic knife sharpener on which Darien hones the knives

2) a hanging space-saver toaster, out of which pops a freshly heated roll. Darien melting the frozen ice cream in the microwave...

3) Joe using the stainless steel cape cod oyster opener to work on two dozen oysters...

4) at the same time working the automatic vinaigrette mixer, the phone ringing to the tune of Mozart's "Jupiter"...

JOE (picking it up)

Yes...no...at 37 1/2. Convert the bonds right...and check the price in Tokyo at 8 o'clock L.A. time. Thanks...

- 5) As he starts his pasta sauce flame on his O'Reilly fat-free grill with a flexible neck fire starter
- 6) Darien working the electric pasta maker...
- 7) Joe manages to sneak a kiss on her lips humming the bars from Verdi's "Rigoletto" as he works the piece de resistance -- the automatic sushi maker...
- 8) Dinner is finally served on a crateboard box. Red wine, pasta, sushi...it looks perfect, lit by candlelight, the view of the city below...

DARIEN

...isn't this perfect?

JOE

...too good...let's not even eat.
Let's just watch it and think about it.

DARIEN (tearing in)

No way...oooh this sushi is...so sushi

JOE

You hear about the new jewish-japanese restaurant, "so sue me"

She's laughing as the music soars into:

SIXTH STAGE (RESTAURANT MONTAGE) -- as we push to the borders of excess the notion of yuppies going out to all the trendy restaurants below 14th Street in the burg of Manhattan: The Odeon, Nell's, Pantages, No 11, Chino-Italian-Japanese... faster and faster...Joe and Darien at every table eating... and eating...and eating...until we peak and shoot back to:

SEVENTH STAGE (INTERIOR DECORATING MONTAGE CONT.)...Joe goes over a stack of bills with something approaching concern as the Italian marble dining room block is carried in and the sculpture of a man devouring himself and the sumo wrestler paintings from the latest Soho gallery. The couch is a \$20,000 Italian leather item that Darien instructs the workmen to place in the center of the living room which is now taking a new shape that we never suspected it was capable of when empty. Raised platforms aiming outside at the fabulous view; recessed lighting indicates subtleties and shading...The point is decorating does work.

WIPE TO:

EIGHTH STAGE. The final touches. It is night -- above the city. Plants, greenery abound, the aquarium with tropical fish and the subtle lighting render this cliff tower dwelling into a magic Camelot, into which Joe now steps -- with awe in high eyes. Darien leads him around.

Everything in the apartment has been put on remote control -- which she is showing him how to work -- lights, security, sound, TV, heat. Even the windows are controlled by buttons and there's even a fragrance machine that Joe can turn on... it is truly penultimate yuppiedom, a state of the art statement...and it absolutely nothing to do with Joe Fox the person who is standing there and pretending to be the owner; in fact it is so totally divorced from any sense of personality that it can only be described as "Architectural Digest" perfect, ready to be photographed, Darien's fantasy.

DARIEN

Joe...I hope you don't mind but before it gets...lived in, I asked a friend who shoots for Architectural Digest to come up tomorrow and...take some shots. Is that all right? I'd love to have it in my resume...

JOE

'No problema, signorita' You think I'll ever make "Town and Country?" Joe Fox -- Wall Street high roller, sportsman in his spare time, gourmet chef and...husband to Darien Taylor from Fairfield Conn. -- and here are their two lovely kids... yuppie and fruppie who're enrolled at the Lycee Francaise and only speak French insofar as they've forgotten English...

DARIEN (she's laughing, then sighs)
I'm so proud of it...it's splendid

JOE

Yes...and only \$339,000, that's for the wallpaper. The miscellaneous is extra. And your fee is...considering you're way over budget, negotiable.

As he nibbles her neck.

DARIEN

We'll see about that...it's cheap compared to what it could've cost. You can't decorate a room in New York for less than \$100,000. Curtains alone...

JOE (continuing to nibble)

...but we're still young. This is not the house in Connecticut, this is just a pied-a-terre good for a couple years....

The kiss grows. She stops, looks at him soberly, confused.

DARIEN

...are you sure?

JOE

...look Darien, I think the only reason we haven't had sex yet is because

(CONTINUED)

JOE (Cont'd)

we both know we will -- and knowing
when was the only suspense left.
Well, the suspense is now killing me
and to be honest you're too pretty.
I like sex with a little sidebar of dirt
thrown in...but I guess I'll make do
with...(touching her)...ultimate blonde
perfection

As his mouth engulfs her.

DARIEN

Mmm ...you're such a bad boy...
kiss me Joe, kiss me everywhere...

INT. JOE CONDO BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe making love to Darien. Hard...pumping her. She moans.
Excited. Camera closing on them.

Her face -- from his point of view. Her smile.

His face -- looking down. Covered with sweat and passion.

JOE

Is this real? Is this really real?
Oh God...life is too good to me!

As he explodes inside her.

EXT. JOE CONDO TERRACE - NIGHT

Joe walks out alone in his blue bathrobe on his parapet overlooking Central Park. The wind stirs his hair. The east and west sides of the park wrap the city in a diamond necklace of brilliant light.

Joe stares down at the world. He has it all now. The money. The girl, the magic palace apartment. What more is there? Something...because Joe suddenly throws a wrenching dislocated look into himself that makes us wonder as he brushes his hand across his face and mutters to himself.

JOE

Who am I...?

There is no ready answer. As he finally turns and goes back inside and closes the door.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darien lies curled in the bed, eyes open, looking at him.

DARIEN

Come to bed, Joe...

EXT. LaGUARDIA AIRPORT - NORTHSTAR AIRLINES - DAY

Joe pulls up in his new BMW with Darien, on their way to Gordon's country place for the weekend, tropical shirts, white pants, adidas sneaker time, the coca-cola look as they walk to the hangars...

INT. MAINTENANCE HANGAR - DAY

Carl is stowing tools into an equipment locker. The area is deserted except for a worker stepping up.

JOE (coming up behind)

Always the last man out, and the first one in...but still smoking

Carl turns surprised, smiles, a cigarette in his mouth.

CARL

Well as I live and still breathe, the prodigal son has returned

(noting Darien)

Hi

DARIEN

Hi, I'm Darien Taylor. Joey's told me all about you

CARL

...don't believe a word of it. I never beat him or locked him in a closet.

Joey's a born liar but otherwise he's a good kid

JOE (to Darien)

...the closet, yeah, I forgot to tell you about the closet

DARIEN

I think he turned out okay

CARL

As evidenced by his taste in women. What brings you out here?

JOE (proudly)

On our way to the Long Island estate of Mr. Gordon Gekko or "Gekko the Great" as others call him, where we are guests for the weekend.

CARL (dark look)

Gekko? The big machar who's always buying and selling companies? And sticking it to the workers. That's your bigshot client?

JOE

Dad, you're the one who taught me not to judge a person on heresay

CARL

It's one thing to have money and power. It's another to be responsible to the people who made it for you.

A subtle exasperated look from Joe to Darien...

JOE

Look Dad I don't really care if you like him or not, I don't want to hear your "workers of the world unite" speech for the ten millionth time, all right... You free for dinner one night this week?

CARL

Just cause you make a few bucks all of a sudden you think you know what makes the world go round...

Darien, not the type who likes confrontation, has sidled away to peek at the wing of the plane.

JOE (flaring)

All right, now you know why I'd just as soon set foot out here as into a crocodile pit (lower voice)...look Darien happens also to be a good friend of his wife. So why just once can't you get behind me instead of coming down on me, huh

He turns to leave.

CARL (apologetically)
All right Joey, take it easy, it's
been a tough week. All the majors been
cutting their fares. We're stretched
thin and if this thing keeps up, it's
gonna kill us once and for all. Management's
talking pink slips, everybody's worried.

JOE (sympathetic)
Northstar's been through price wars
before, Dad, just hang in it'll pass.
What about dinner?
(checks his watch)

CARL
Okay, whatever night you like

JOE (thinking)
Wait...next week is booked. Let me check
with my secretary and get back to you
on Monday

CARL (laughs at his new 'lifestyle')
Yeah you do that huckleberry...I'll still be here.

JOE
Gotta run Dad. I'm late. You stop smoking
y'hear, be like me. Call you Monday

Darien saying a hurried goodbye as they trot off to the BMW.
A beat on Carl Fox.

EXT. BRIDGEHAMPTON BEACH - DAY

Gekko, Kate, Joe, Darien and a FIFTH PERSON roar over the dunes,
each in their own dune buggy, laughing and hollering at one
another...

Joey driving right up precariously close on Darien who screams...
Joey flips over his vehicle...comes up laughing...We sense
he is getting wilder now...

EXT. DUCK MARSHES - LONG ISLAND - DAY

Gekko, Darien, Joe and three LOCAL HUNTERS, friends of Gekko,
are out up to their knees in marsh water, hunting ducks...

It's obvious Joe has never fired a gun much before and Darien
has to show him how...

Joey shooting the ducks and missing, pauses...realizes he doesn't like...killing ducks...puts his rifle away...

...as Gekko swings out with his labrador to retrieve the kill, yelling "got one!"

EXT. POOL & PATIO - GEKKO'S BRIDGEHAMPTON HOUSE - DAY

They're finishing lunch by the pool framed by a lush flower garden where Kate and Darien and the son Rudy play. A couple of OTHER GUESTS swim. HAROLD SOLOMON, looking very city-like in his clothing and his consistent expression of worry, has joined them for lunch, examining his paperwork before passing it to Joey, who is the picture of relaxation.

HAROLD

...you understand Mr. Gekko is constantly barraged with nuisance litigation and IRS audits.

(Joe nods, 'of course')

...so it's in both our interests to put a safe distance between you and us...

(passing a document with 2nd pen)

...this gives you limited power of attorney for Mr. Gekko's account. Every trade you make is at your discretion. Every ticket you buy must be marked "solicited." That means you call the shots and Mr. Gekko has no official knowledge of what stocks you're buying. Sign here and here...

Joey looks, then up to Gekko who smiles, casual.

GEKKO

...just the beginning, sport, just the beginning...

Joe smiles, signs.

HAROLD (a worrier)

...you understand if any problems arise, you're out there on your own. The trail stops with you...

JOE

That's cool, all's fair in love and war

GEKKO

The art of which is deception. Spread the buy orders through different accounts and you won't get burned...

JOE

I think I got some friends that won't
mind making some easy money...

As Darien and Kate drift over with Rudy and the French au pair
GIRL, NICOLE.

GEKKO

Rudy, viens ici, dit bonjour a
Monsieur Joe

Rudy either says No! or "Bonjour Monsieur Joe" depending
on the mood of the kid. Gordon sweeping him up and playing
with him. The kid squeals with glee.

GEKKO (proudly)

Already speaks a little French, kid
got the highest score on his IQ test
for nursery school...

KATE (to Darien)

...it's so tough to get into a good
nursery school now. They even made
Gordon come in for an interview

JOE

What's it cost?

KATE

\$10,000 just for the tuition...plus the
books and supplies...(with a look to Gordon)
...some parents are even getting body
guards to take their kids to school. It's
not a bad idea...(new thought) Darien,
you know before I forget, I want to you
give you Rudy's clothes, it'll save you
a fortune (with a knowing look to Joe)...
we got the cutest clothes. All black.
It's the new thing -- doesn't show milk
or carrot juice stains, looks so chic
you know...(picking up Rudy)
...now that's it for you with the grown-
ups young man.

As Rudy smashes the strawberries around his face and resists going.
"No! No!" Kate exasperated gives the child to Nicole.

KATE

Nicole, take him for a nap please

NICOLE

But he's not tired

KATE

Then play with him till he gets tired.
We're going out tonight but we'd like
to see him at, let's see, six; give
him a bath and put that cute little
black suit on him...

Nicole's "oui madam" is lost in the wrestling match she goes
through to drag him out screaming. Kate walking off with Darien.

KATE

Kids -- boy can they take it out of you!

Harold, somewhat irritated with the interruptions, gives Joey
another piece of paper...

HAROLD

This is a contact at one of our banks.
On settlement day you'll open an account
there for Mr. Gekko under the name of
Geneva, Roth Holding Corp. Then you'll
wire transfer the money to this account
in the Cayman Islands...

GEKKO (rising, finished with lunch)

Think about incorporating yourself there,
Joe, Harold will take care of it for you
(with a look to Harold)
...at a reasonable fee. You're gonna make
a lot of money now Joe...stakes are gonna
go up, no mistakes...

JOE

...piece of cake, Gordon...

INT. JOE'S BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Joe on the phone, strained look transforming to a bright,
upbeat personality as the phone is answered...

JOE

Dixon! It's your lucky day! That's right.
I want to give you some stock and you
don't have to put up a penny...

Marv waves across the glass partition and knocks on it.
Joe waves him off and closes the blinds.

INTERCUT

EXT. CABIN - ASPEN, COLORADO - DAY

A small cabin in the mountains.

INT. CABIN - ASPEN, COLORADO - DAY

Whole Earth furnishings. DIXON, a long-haired ski bum drop-out listens skeptically.

DIXON

What's the catch Joey? Somebody gotta pay for it.

JOE

No, that's the beauty of it! My client wants to buy a large large block of stock and needs to spread it around. I'll park ome money in your account and if it hits, you get a big cut. I'm telling you this is the easiest money you ever made...

INT. ROGER BARNES OFFICE - DAY

Roger listens on the phone.

JOE (OFF)
...and you don't have to put up a dime,
Roger

ROGER (tentatively)
All right, Joe...let's do it

A look on his face. As if he knows he's making a fatal mistake.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - TWILIGHT

Cocktail hour in the background, yuppies trying to score for the weekend.

JOE (on phone)
...it's easy Jack! On settlement day,
you endorse a check to Blue Horseshoe
Trading Company. Then I send you your cut

INT. MIDTOWN PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Joe on the phone, over the roar of traffic.

JOE
...that's the bottom line Billy.
Nobody gets hurt, no one

INT. WIRE ROOM - JOE'S BROKERAGE OFFICE - DAY

Joey writing out a ticket as Marv strolls over.

MARV
...we seeing you at the poker game
tonight buddy buddy?

JOE
I'm busy Marv

MARV
Fourth week in a row you've been busy

JOE
That's right

MARV

...things are so bad, even the liars
are complaining. And you're making
money. So what gives?

He tries to peek at the ticket, but Joe flips it over.

JOE

Hey I'm tired of playing wet nurse
to you all the time, alright. Do
your own homework!

As he slides the ticket in the chute and abruptly walks away.
Marvin muttering, "asshole!"

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE -- LATER THAT DAY

The COMPANY FLOOR MANAGER gets Joe's order over the telex
machine, hands the ticket to a RUNNER who dashes off across
the exchange floor, and over to a TRADER who starts to
execute the order.

CLOSE on the broad tape.

As Joe's large buy order flickers across it.

INT. STOCK EXCHANGE - S.E.C. STOCK WATCH OFFICE - DAY

A CLERK sits before a computer, routinely tracking all of
the exchange floor trading. He suddenly sits up attentively,
and stares hard at a transaction.

Computer Screen -- The same numbers and letters are seen
that just flickered across the broad tape...Joe's buy.

The clerk swivels his chair to a second computer and punches
up data. A MAN appears behind him, leaning over his shoulder,
gazing at the screen. He is tall, clean-cut, baby-faced,
and wears an I.D. BADGE. The clerk vacates his seat to
the man with the badge, who now takes over.

INT. JOE CONDO - NIGHT

Joe is in Cardin jockey briefs on the phone, number crunching
on the computer, foot pounding to a music beat on the stereo
while his telex spews out overnight currency data.

Darien in the background lies in bed in panties reading Vogue.

JOE (into phone)
Buy me 20 Euro dollar CDs. 20 March
spot gold and sell 10 Deutsch marks.
That's right...

He hangs up, back to the computer, a growing look of excitement and revelation in his eyes.

On the computer screen we see a break up of Northstar Airlines -- its assets and liabilities.

Joe hits the command key, printing it out. He's exuberant.

JOE
Fox, you're a genius!
(to Darien)
Darien...lightning has struck.
The lightbulb has been invented. Edison,
Da Vinci, Einstein are watching...

DARIEN (grumpy)
...are you going to trade all night again?
You got to go to work in a couple of hours.

JOE (a wild glint in his eyes)
The hell with work. You think I'm gonna
broker the rest of my life...I'm
going to be a giant Darien, an
entrepreneur in the Italian 15th Century
sense of the word -- a mover and shaker.

Joe dances over to the bed, turning the stereo down on his way.

JOE
I love you baby. Did I tell you that
sometime in the last twenty-four hours

DARIEN (wrestling him into bed)
Get in bed. Y'ever hear of the sixty
hour work week. You know what you're
turning into? A yuppie Frankenstein.

Joe grabs a bottle of Perrier off the night table and drinks.

JOE
...not true, yuppies are only happy when
they're paying too much for something.
But what's wrong with yuppies anyway?
You're one. May they live and be
beautiful forever!

DARIEN (seriously objecting)
I'm not a yuppie. You think I am...

JOE (sarcastic)
You're not a yuppie? Hah you're the
penultimate quintessential existential
yuppie...

DARIEN
You're the yuppie, you love money,
that's all you care about

JOE (defends himself)
Sure, why not, I never had
it like you when I was growing up.
It wasn't the upper east side baby

DARIEN
You're so naive Joe, you don't even
realize it. Your dad took care of you.
I may've been rich when I was a kid
but...I never told you, Dad lost all
his money...in the 70s, in the stock
market, at the track. He wasn't a very
good gambler I'm afraid...

JOE (teasing)
...well that changes all my plans,
I thought you were loaded...

DARIEN (laughs woefully)
So did I, till I hit 19 and found I
had all the royal habits and no throne.
Mom got by but I had to get a job.
The only skills I had were shopping
and making friends. So...that's what
I am -- a decorator to my rich friends...

JOE (with sympathy)
Rich little poor girl...that's all
gonna change sweetheart. I'm catching
the express...

(making love to her)
...and you're gonna ride it with me.

As the two yuppies embrace and clash like wild mares, sweating
flanks thrashing in the splendiferous comfort of their
designer bed amid designer walls.

INT. GEKKO'S PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

A salon interior. Joey paces in front of Gekko on a couch reading with eyeglasses a stack of financial reports. Alex is on the phone, Susan, Harold and others accompanying the caravan on its way to Washington, D.C. A screen with numbers keeps everyone glued to the Wall Street averages, which they peek at as they do other things...

JOE

...It's an unpolished gem Gordon right out of the garbage! Look at the hidden values -- mediocre management, short hops, high profit computer routes, fuel rates are going down, the gates at Dulles and LaGuardia alone could get us back our initial investment... and on top of that they're being decimated by a price war they can't win. They're ripe to fall, Gordon!

Joe waits for a response. Gekko, the poker player, hasn't seen enough cards.

GEKKO

Mixed emotions, Joey: Larry Wildman going off a cliff in my new Maserati. Men as smart as myself have got their asses handed to them on a sling with the airlines, fuel could go up, unions are killers...

JOE

Yeah, aren't you forgetting something Gordon: your rule one, capital reserves. This company has \$75 million cash in their pension fund. That buys us a lot of credibility...

(Gordon looks up, interested)

...and the beauty is you already own close to two percent of this sucker...

ALEX (interrupting, on the phone)

Gordon, the insurance people are balking on the logging trucks...

GORDON

Tell those spineless formicants we'll self-insure if they don't write it...
(back to Joe) So read me the tea leaves Joe, you been eating twinkies today or are you schtupping some stewardess...

JOE (deadly serious)
 Gordon what I want -- and I never asked
 you for anything -- is to be your co-pilot
 on this. I want to take this airline,
 turn it around, and make it work. It's
 gonna make us a fortune!

GORDON (to Susan, amused)
 I'm talking to a stockbroker who wants
 to run an airline. I'm up to my ass in
 more nuts than a fruitcake. Only in
 New York.

JOE
 I worked at Northstar Gordon, I know
 my way around, I have friends there...inside

GORDON (getting the drift)
 What are you driving at Joey?

JOE (playing out his ace)
 The three unions. It's 43% of Northstar's
 operating budget, the hourly cost of a
 flight crew is \$650 an hour, that's the
 real hidden value G.G., if you can negotiate
 that out, get a crew down to \$200 an hour
 a run, that airline is gonna be the hottest
 thing since Texas Air...

GORDON
 What makes you think you can?

JOE
 I can talk to these people Gordon, they
 know me, they trust me...and my father
 can be a big help in getting cuts.

GEKKO (pause)
 Alright...Susan, get Buckingham on the box.
 I want him to look at it. And tell Andy
 Taylor at Thwick, Meade...

(smiles wickedly, back to Joe)
 So sport, the falcon has heard the falconer...
 how many shares do we need to gain control?

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE - HEARINGROOM - DAY

Gekko, Harold, other lawyers sit at a table to testify, listening to the offscreen voice of CHURCH CROMWELL.

CROMWELL (OFF)

...to be under accumulation is to be under siege, gentlemen. Cromwell Paper has a debt now of \$1.2 billion forced on us by this raid, our legal bill alone is close to \$2 million...We're leveraged to the hilt, like some South American country...

As the camera pans off Joe, Susan, Alex in the row of chairs behind Gordon, to the SENATORS on the dais, around to the bulky bull-like CROMWELL, Chairman of Cromwell Paper...who reads from a prepared text.

CROMWELL (cont'd)

...and all this man wants is to get paid to withdraw his offer...and that will cost approximately \$2 billion to the stockholders...and that cost will be passed on to the consumer, the cost of paper will increase. How can management concentrate on long-term growth when we're so busy battling for our survival, when we're too busy fighting the get-rich-quick, short term profit, slot machine mentality of Wall Street when we should be fighting Japan! The pace at which these raiders are slicing, dicing, chopping and reassembling American business is undermining the very foundation of the American economy and it's up to you gentlemen to do something about it, before it's too late...

CUT TO:

GEKKO is now reading from his text, but without seeming to read.

GEKKO (pauses dramatically, starts)

On the way here today I saw a bumper sticker.

It said "Life is a bitch...then you die"

(gets a laugh, relaxes the senators)

(CONTINUED)

GEKKO (Cont'd)

...well, gentlemen, we're not here to indulge in fantasies, but in political and economic reality. America has become a second rate power. Our trade deficit and fiscal deficit are at nightmare proportions.

DISSOLVING TO:

Suggest the length of the speech...

GEKKO

...in the days when our country was a top industrial power, there was accountability to the general public and the shareholders. The Carnegies, the Mellons, the men who built this industrial empire, made sure of it because it was their money at stake. Today management is weak and flaccid, by and large more concerned with keeping their jobs, their company jets, their golden parachutes and their annual conventions. Cromwell Paper has 33 different vice presidents, each earning over \$200,000 a year. I spent two weeks talking to these guys and I still can't figure what it is they do...

(some laughter)

One thing I do know is this paper company lost \$110 million last year, and I'd bet half of that is in the paperwork going back and forth between all the vice presidents...

(increased laughter, he's getting ther

The new law of evolution in corporate America seems to be 'survival of the unfittest.'

Well in my book you either do it right or you get eliminated. And what Mr. Cromwell won't admit is that all he cares about is his job and he's afraid I'm going to take away from him!

(Cromwell glares back)

Mr. Cromwell also calls me an "asset stripper!" Well, if the shoe fits wear it. In fact we bought the Ixtlan Corporation, it was weak precisely cause it had a mass of heterogenous, medium sized businesses. I turned three of its companies private and I sold four others -- and each one of these companies, librated from the suffocating conglomerate, has prospered. The fact is I am not a destroyer of companies but a liberator of them, I am an entrepreneur in the same sense that the cultures of Athens, Florence and Venice were founded on prosperity from commerce...

(CONTINUED)

GEKKO (cont'd)

(pause for dramatic effect)

...Cromwell Paper is doomed to fail. Its crown jewels are its trees, the rest is dross. One day the last tree in Cromwell's forest is going to be silver-plated and in the window at Tiffany's. Forests are perishable, forest rights are as important as human rights to this planet...and all the illusory Maginot lines, scorched earth tactics, proxy fights, shark repellants, poison pills, etcetera etcetera that Mr. Cromwell is going to come up with are doomed to fail because the bottom line, gentlemen, is the only way to stay strong is to keep the stock up, that's why people buy stock, to have it go up. If there's any other reason I've never heard of it.

(assorted laughter)

In the last seven deals I've been in, there were 2.3 million stockholders that actually made a pretax profit of \$12 billion. Out of that about \$3 billion was paid in taxes. Takeovers are in fact helping to reduce the national debt...the point is, gentlemen, greed for want of a more civilized word, is good. Greed is right. Greed clarifies, cuts through, and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit. Greed in all its forms, greed for life, for money, for love, for knowledge, has marked the upward surge of mankind -- and greed, mark my words -- will save America. Thank you...

Scattered applause from the gallery...Joe is in awe.

INT. PRIVATE CLUB - LUNCHROOM - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

In an exclusive men's club, marked by plush carpeting and antiques and a view of Washington, Joe sits at a table with SIX OTHER BUSINESSMEN - POLITICO types. A power lunch with Gekko and BILL "DIZZY" DEAN, avuncular, impressive veteran Deputy Secretary of State, the center of attention.

GEKKO

...the Philippines will stagger through, I'm more concerned about Guatemala, all this talk of socialism, taking over the oil, timber has depressed our stock... it's getting to be a problem Dizzy.

DEAN (for the benefit of all)
 We're keeping an eye on it, Gordon.
 The President has plans under consideration...
 (clears his throat)
 We don't like this Menendez character
 any more than you fellows do,
 believe me...and we're keeping a...
 intensive recon on them and...if we think
 they're bringing in Soviet bloc weaponry
 and advisers...(clears throat) the
 President isn't going to let that happen...

They all clear their throats, reassured. Out of nowhere
 Joey finds himself popping the ridiculous question out
 of a sincere desire to know:

JOE
 ...and if they're no advisers, Mr. Dean?

Dean, and all the others look at him as if he has proclaimed
 the emperor has no clothes, total incomprehension on their
 brows. Gordon takes the conversation on to "...the main
 thing is to avoid another Nicaragua, Dizzy..."

EXT. NORTHSTAR HANGARS - LaGUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

Dominick and Charlie and others are on the strip inspecting
 the engine of a 707. Joe and his Dad stand off to the side,
 talking over the drone of jets taking off and landing...

CARL (smoking)
 Let me get this straight -- I haven't
 had my hearing checked lately --
 you're gonna be the new President
 of Northstar? And you want me as
 your right hand man?

JOE
 This is for real Dad. We want to put
 Northstar back on its feet and
 turn it into a contender.

CARL (shakes his head)
 I guess if a man lives long enough, he
 gets to see everything. And I mean
everything. Course you did work three
 summers as a baggage handler and freight
 loader. With these qualifications why
 should I doubt your ability to run
 an airlines?

Joe following his Dad back into the main building.

JOE

There's nothing mysterious in running an airline Dad, it's business. And Gordon Gekko knows a helluva lot more about business than those idiots in present management who are running you guys into the ground...

INT. AIRLINES BUILDING - DAY

Into the freight handler's area...Carl getting upset, lights another cigarette.

CARL

Those idiots as you call them built this company up from one plane. They've been here 30 years. They made something from nothing and if that's an idiot I'll take one any day over a rat! I know what this guy is about -- greed -- he's in and out for the buck and he don't take prisoners Joey, he don't give a damn about Northstar or us...

JOE (exasperated)

I can't believe this. You got losses of several hundred million dollars, dividends cut to zero, and stock down from the 20s to single digits in two years and you're defending these bozos? You're gonna get axed Dad, no two ways about it, you and this whole airline is going down the tubes, you hear me, you don't have a prayer, and if it ain't Gekko it's gonna be some other killer. So take this opportunity and for once support me. Wake up. Don't spit this chance in the face. Look out for yourself for once!

CARL (aimed at Joey)

I don't sleep with no whore. And I don't wake up with no whore. That's how I live with myself Joey. As far as being axed -- I'm still here. And as long as I am I have a responsibility not just to me but to the union members I represent...

JOE (hard)
Your responsibility, Mister Fox, is
to reserve judgment until you hear what
the man has to say, and the facts are
on the table...

(Carl looks away)
...the pilots and flight attendants are
coming. You're the only hold out Dad...

CARL (reluctantly)
I'll think about it...

He walks off, grumpy, but we sense from Joey's reassured look
he will show up...

INT. JOE'S BROKERAGE HOUSE - JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe, increasingly frazzled and determined, dark circles under
his eyes, paces with the phone...

JANET (his secretary)
Mr. Dixon Brandt on 3...

JOE (wearily switching over)
What's up Dixon?
(stopping, focusing)
Calm down! What are you talking about?

INTERCUT TO:

INT. DIXON'S CABIN - ASPEN, COLORADO - DAY

Dixon, the rich man's son and ski bum, is yelling on the
other end of the line.

DIXON
...this guy who said he was from the
Security Exchange Commission, whatever
the hell that is, calls and wants
to ask me about that stock I bought

JOE (nervous)
What'd you tell him?

DIXON
I told him I was in the middle of something
and I'd call him right back. What the
hell was I supposed to say Joey, you
got me into...

JOE

Look Dixon, calm down! It's not illegal to buy stock or to be right. And it's not all that unusual to be spot checked on a big buy. Tell him you did your homework and you thought the stock was a sound investment.

DIXON

What if he asks where I got the money?

JOE

Tell 'em your father gave it to you

DIXON

What if they call him?

JOE

They won't. That's not their jurisdiction

DIXON

You sure?

JOE

Yes! Read the Constitution, it's all in there. And remember -- you don't know anything, nothing

DIXON

I don't know anything

JOE

Good. Then call him back. And call me back. Don't worry.

He hangs up, a worried expression, Marv entering to break his concentration.

MARV (the latest quip)

Hey you hear the news. I just got a job at a new firm: "Dewey, Cheat 'em and Howe." Yuk yuk

JOE (icy)

Didn't I tell you to knock before you came in here

MARV

Hey the door was open

JOE

Then get out and close it behind you

MARV (pause)
 You know what you need buddy buddy --
 an optorectomy. That's when they cut
 the nerve that runs from your brain
 to your asshole -- to change that
 shitty attitude of yours.

JOE
 Get the hell out!

Marv slams the door on his way...

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - DAY

Long shot of the towering stone structure. A tall angular figure crosses through the glass doors with a bulky folder under his arm...

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The man flashes his ID to a SECURITY GUARD who buzzes him through the gate...He walks towards us and we see he is the familiar tall, baby-faced INVESTIGATOR from the S.E.C. Stock Watch Office...he gets in an elevator.

INT. S.E.C. INVESTIGATION OFFICES- DAY

He walks into the office of a CHIEF INVESTIGATOR. A balding, sharp-featured man in a drab suit with bags of hard work under his eyes, looks up as the young investigator places the large file in front of him.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joe, in high-gear, all smiles, expensive Armani suit, opens the door. His father stands before him, looking like a man on the way to the dentist.

JOE
 Dad, well come on in. Everybody's
 here. We couldn't start the show
 without you.

Wide-eyed, Carl follows Joe through the foyer, taking in the opulent furnishings, paintings, antiques.

CARL (under his breath)
 Well I'll be a dirty, lousy Republican.

They enter the living room. The atmosphere is strained, the camps separated. Gekko stands by the bar, conferring with his lawyer, Harold Solomon. Darien walks over to the couch with drinks for the NORTHSTAR UNION REPS: DUNCAN WILMORE, ALPA LEADER, a rugged silver-haired uniformed pilot; and TONI CARPENTER, AFA REP, hard looking, 40ish FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

JOE

Dad, you know Duncan Wilmore, pilot's union, and Toni Carpenter, flight attendants...

CARL

I met them before you were born.

They exchange nods.

JOE

And I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Gekko, and his lawyer, Mr. Solomon

GEKKO

A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Fox

Carl stares at Gekko, sizing him up.

GEKKO

I'd be proud to have a son like Joe. He's got a great future ahead of him.

Carl looks to his fellow union representatives, then to Gekko.

CARL (gesturing at Solomon)

I thought that this was an informal meeting. What's he doing here?

GEKKO (dismissing him)

Harold, you don't mind strolling around the block a couple hundred times, do you?

SOLOMON (looks at his watch)

I'll go get dinner.

Solomon gathers his jacket to leave, as Gekko and Carl eye one another, tentatively.

DARIEN

Speaking of which, dinner is ready.

CUT TO:

The dinner table. Gekko sits at the head of the table, suavely addressing the union leaders.

GEKKO

Look, I have no illusions about winning a popularity contest with any of you. I was roasted the other night, and a friend of mine asked -- why are we honoring this man -- have we run out of human beings?

His joke breaks the ice; everybody laughs, except for Carl.

GEKKO (cont'd)

It's not always the most popular guy who gets the job done. Present management may not be the worst scum of the earth, but they're the ones who've put you on a crash course, and pretty soon everybody's going to be scrambling for the parachutes. Only there aren't enough to go around. Management has them. You don't. If they throw Northstar into Chapter 11-- which I think they will -- then they can use bankruptcy laws to break the unions and throw you guys off the property.

We hear a loud crunching sound as Joe's father bites into a roll, glaring at Gekko.

WILMORE (Pilot)

And with all due respect, Mr. Gekko, what's to prevent you from doing the same thing?

GEKKO

Please, I don't need that kind of headache. Besides, I have a way around all this. What do you say we cut to the chase. I'm asking for a modest twenty percent across-the-board wage cut.

Carl drops his fork on the plate. Gekko goes on.

GEKKO

And a ten percent increase in maximum hours.

Toni Carpenter and Duncan Wilmore exchange questionable looks.

TONI CARPENTER

What kind of time frame are we talking about here?

GEKKO

Give me a year. If we're still losing money, the reductions stand. If however, we move into the black, I return the givebacks, salaries go back to present levels, and...

(a beat)

we institute an employee profit sharing program with stock. You'll own a part of the airline.

Carpenter and Wilmore react with surprise, it's obvious they weren't expecting the profit sharing part. Joe smiles at Darien and looks to his father, who scrapes the Bernaise sauce off his filet mignon and stoically begins carving it up.

DUNCAN WILMORE

Are you prepared to put that in writing?

GEKKO

I'll have a letter of agreement drawn up within ten days.

TONI CARPENTER

And what's your marketing strategy? How do you plan to return us to profitability?

GEKKO

Why don't I give Joe an opportunity to answer that.

Darien and Carl turn to Joe, who puts down his wine glass.

JOE

First, I want to say that my door will always be open to you, because I know all too well from my dad that it's really you guys who are going to keep Northstar flying. I'll go into all of this in greater detail later, but for the moment let me give you some of our priorities. Advertising -- we obviously need a more aggressive campaign. Cost cutting -- we'll contract all our cabin services to other airlines and start a frequent flyer program. And, regarding union protection -- (pauses, dramatically) Mr. Gekko has made it clear that the teamsters will be unwelcome on Northstar property.

Gekko nods and looks to the union leaders for their reactions.

GEKKO

Cards are on the table. What do you think?

DUNCAN WILMORE (restrained, hopeful)

If you mean what you say, I think we're in the ball park. I'll take it to my people.

TONI CARPENTER (approvingly)

You've sketched some broad strokes. I'd like to some the fine points. But so far so good.

Gekko looks to Carl Fox who, putting down knife and fork, breaks his silence.

CARL

What else do you have in your bag of tricks, Mr. Gekko?

Joe tenses, looking at his father. Gekko ignores the innuendo and replies softly.

GEKKO

Frankly, Carl, I can't see giving much more. If you have any suggestions I'll be glad to listen

CARL

There came into Egypt a Pharoah who did not know.

GEKKO (smiling)

I beg your pardon. Is that a proverb?

CARL

No, it's a prophecy. The rich have been doing it to the poor since the beginning of time. The only difference between the Pyramids and the Empire State Building is that the Egyptians didn't have unions.

(looking at Wilmore and Carpenter)

What does this man know, or care about running an airline?

Wilmore and Carpenter look at him, wide-eyed..

JOE (jumping in)
Now, wait a minute Dad...

GORDON (cutting Joe off, lightly)
Hold on Carl -- to put it in your terms -- I may not be able to make Northstar another Goliath -- but I damn well hope to see it a bigger David.

CARL (looking him in the eye)
You don't give a damn about Northstar and you know it. It's just the money. Pure and simple.

GORDON (shrugs, keeping his composure)
Sure. What's worth doing is worth doing for money. It's a bad bargain where nobody gains. And if this deal goes through, hopefully everybody will gain.

Carl throws down his napkin, rises from the chair, looks at the others.

CARL
No. I think Mr. Gekko is a blank check for trouble. I think he's out to loot and cripple Northstar, then take his profits and go onto the next victim.

There is frozen silence at the table.

GEKKO (unruffled)
Fine, if you don't want me, stay with present management -- dedicated to running you and Northstar into the ground.

Carl turns on his heels, and leaves. Joe glances at Gekko, reading his piercing look.

JOE
Excuse me.

Rising, he gets up from the table and follows after his father.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joe catches up to Carl, waiting for the elevator.

JOE (seething)
Congratulations. You did a great job of embarrassing me in there -- not to mention yourself!

CARL

He's got your prick in his back pocket, and you're standing naked in the display window of Macy's. He's using you. Only you're too blind to see it.

JOE

No, what I see is a jealous old machinist who can't bear that his son has become more successful than himself.

Carl, shaken, steps into the elevator; Joe following.

CARL

No, what you see son is a man who never measured success by the size of a man's wallet.

JOE

No, that's because you never had the guts to go out into the world and stake your claim.

CARL (lamentably)

Boy, if that's what you think, I must've really screwed up my job as a father.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Joe and Carl exit the elevator and head across the lobby.

JOE (pleading)

Don't do this to me Dad. I'm asking you -- don't stand in my way.

CARL (brusque)

You're taking a short-cut, son. There're no short-cuts in life.

JOE

A chance like this may never come again for me, or for Northstar. Don't poison the waters. Let the membership have their own voice.

CARL

I'll be damned that when my men come to me tomorrow morning, wanting to know what's going on, I'm going to lie to them!

JOE

Your men! All my life "your men"
have been able to count on you?
Why is it that you've never been
there for me?

They head through the doors, out onto the street.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Joe following Carl.

JOE

And what if you're wrong? What if one
day, the sun didn't rise in the East
and birds didn't fly South in winter
and for once in your life your compass
was off? Huh?

He grabs Carl by the arm, stopping him.

JOE

Would you be willing to wreck my future?

Joe lets go of Carl's arm. Carl looks at hisson, seeing
the desperation. Sadness and confusion take hold of him.

CARL (acquiescing)

All right. I'll put a muzzle on it.
I'll let them decide for themselves.

(a beat)

I hope I'm wrong, Joey.

He turns and slowly walks away. Joe watches him go.

EXT. HORSE FARM - BRIDGEHAMPTON - DAY

In the distance Kate jumps her horse over a series of fences...
A small party in progress after a local auction. Buffet tables,
tents, the horse crowd is out. A beautiful, immaculately
groomed Arabian stallion is being shown to Gekko by his
trainer, squaring off its feet as Joe and Darien look on,
sipping wine...Joe obviously sipping more than he should...

DARIEN

Oh he's a beauty. Where'd you buy him?

GEKKO
 Auction in Kentucky
 (studying the horse)
 Top line is flat. Stance is good...

TRAINER
 I think he can go all the way to the top...
 Scottsdale and the Nationals...

JOE
 Scottsdale? This guy looks like the
 second coming of Seattle Slew. What
 about the Triple Crown?

DARIEN (feeding him a carrot)
 He's not a race horse Joe. He's a jumper.

JOE
 Hey -- I once bet a horse -- he went out
 at ten to one, and came in at quarter to five!

He laughs, boisterously. Gekko smiles, Darien forces a smile.
 The trainer leading the horse back to the stable as the
 group drifts back to the party, guys in green pants and
 plaid jackets with ruddy scotch-soaked faces taking
 every chance to say hello to Gordon, get a word in. Gordon
 practiced in the art of elusiveness, glides by.

JOE
 This is great vino Gordon.
 (to Darien)
 ...his own personal reserve in Sonoma,
 what do you think of that Darien?

Darien looks back at him deadpan. He smiles, to Gordon.

JOE
 You should see my apartment, Gordon,
 major talent, impeccable taste. And
 she's got a business proposition she's
 dying to tell you about. Go ahead
 Darien, tell him...

Darien glares at Joe, embarrassed.

DARIEN
 Joe, I don't think this is the time

JOE
 Come on, don't be so modest, Gordon
 hears 100 of 'em a day.
 (to Gordon)
 ...she's going to open her own design firm
 and mass merchandise...
 (blankly)
 what was it again?

DARIEN (maintains her composure)
 Basically I want to do for decorating
 what Laura Ashley did for clothing.
 High quality reproductions of antique
 furnishings with an affordable price tag

JOE
 Yuppies are gonna eat this up like
 Haagen Daas.

GEKKO (encouraging but not really
 interested)
 Sounds interesting. When are you going public?

JOE
 In a year or two. Right now we're looking
 for seed money...

GEKKO (polite)
 I don't develop, Joe, you know that.
 But come back to me when you have something
 more...by the way, how's that...union
 business coming?

Kate rides over with little Rudy in her saddle on a
 tremendous black stallion, fully decked out in riding
 breeches, derby, coat and ascot...

JOE
 Piece of cake Gordo, Dad's in the bag
 and the bag's in the river. You hear
 the joke -- woman goes to the dentist,
 grabs the dentist by the balls and
 says, we're not going to hurt each
 other are we?

The joke seems out of place. Darien smiling, embarrassed for
 Joey, at Kate who seems baffled by it.

JOE (to Gordon)
 ...are we?

Gordon looking back at him. A subtext there.

KATE
 Gordon, you mind picking up Rudy. I want
 to take her out a little longer...
 (indicating the horse)

GORDON (to Kate)
 Sure honey...

(CONTINUED)

GEKKO (Cont'd)

(to Joe)

People who are born round don't die square
Joe...have I ever lied to you?

(waits, icy)

Joe shakes his head, sheepish.

GEKKO (turns away)

Good...

INT. JOE'S 325 BMW - BRIDGEHAMPTON - DAY

He speeds along, still doozy in his new black BMW, Darien sitting beside him in frigid silence.

JOE

Is something the matter? Do I detect
an arctic chill somewhere to the right of me?

DARIEN

There's a couple of people in this world
you shouldn't get drunk around: one is me...
and the other is Gordon Gekko

JOE

What are you talking about! Gordon's my
friend, we're like two coats of paint

DARIEN

Friend, sure. Reminds me of what Oscar
Wilde said about George Bernard Shaw...
"he has no enemies but he's intensely
disliked by all his friends"

JOE

You wanted to get him interested in your
business, what do you think I was doing?

DARIEN

Making a real fool of yourself. Next time,
let me succeed or fail on my own,
you blew it for me

He swerves on a sharp curve.

JOE

Look I know the man and you don't.
You gotta plant the seed

DARIEN

Will you slow down. You're driving like
a maniac

JOE (slows down)
So this is our first fight?

She doesn't respond.

JOE
I guess I gotta make it up to you
Makes another sharp turn.

DARIEN (long shot)
Where you going?

As he pulls over in a spray of gravel into the lot of a
REALTOR'S OFFICE on Main Street.

INT/EXT. DREAM BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Light, spacious, well-built and preserved, on the wild dunes overlooking the Atlantic. Joe chats with a friendly REAL ESTATE AGENT while we follow Darien onto the balcony, gazing out at the ocean longingly...Joe joins her, hugging her from behind.

JOE
...beautiful isn't it?

DARIEN (in another mood)
It reminds me of the summer house we
had when I was growing up

JOE
I want it. Let's put a down payment on
it right now

DARIEN
And tomorrow will you buy me the moon?
You'll wake up and hate me for not
ripping your check up.

JOE (serious)
No. Never...it's our dream house Darien,
it was meant to be. We'll bring up our
children here, we'll spend long weeks
alone in the winter by the fire...

She twists, looks at him intently. He smiles.

JOE

You do want to have kids one day
 don't you? (sees her look) Oh marriage?
 No problem. How about...June 6, I like
 June...

Darien looks at him, moved. He takes her in his arms, they kiss...

DARIEN (teasing)

You got it all charted out like a stock
 projection don't you

JOEY (laughing back)

That's right. One with high yield,
 rich assets and no downside...

As we pull back to show the two lovers in each other's arms,
 framed by the dream house and the ocean beyond. The music
 theme indicates the thrilling happy end of the third act...

EXT. JOE'S CONDO - DAY

A man gets out of a cab carrying a briefcase. As he comes
 towards the lobby we recognize Roger Barnes, Joe's lawyer friend.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joe reading the headline screaming across the New York Times
 masthead: U.S. INVADES GUATEMALA; MENENDEZ OUSTED IN SUDDEN
 COUP: CONGRESS BACKS PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR NEUTRALITY IN
 REGION...looks up as the door rings...

Joe opens it and Barnes steps inside looking around, impressed.

JOE

Have a seat...want a drink?

ROGER (shakes head, commenting)

...looks like business has been good to you...

JOE (indicating the paper)

Market's surged up on this Guatemala
 stuff...nothing like patriotism to
 rally the country...

ROGER

...well those Guats need a little thrashing

JOE

...so Roger, what's this big piece of
 information you got for me?

Roger has sat down and is thumbing a coffee table book, agitated.

ROGER

Look, I'm really going out on a limb here. You got to swear this'll never come back to me. I'd be ruined.

JOE

Relax Roget, (French pronunciation) you're 82M in the account numbers and I'm the Invisible Man...(beat) So what do you got?

ROGER

A home run Joey. I want five percent of the action.

JOE (casual)

Done. You gonna keep me in suspense or what?

ROGER

Gordon Gekko is taking over Northstar

JOE (bursts out laughing)

Tell me something I don't know. You're talking to the new president of Northstar.

ROGER (puzzled, laughs)

So you're in charge of the liquidation?

A beat. Joe doubletakes, confused.

JOE

Liquidation? What the hell are you talking about?

ROGER (realizing)

I guess he didn't tell you the flight plans, chief, but Northstar's grounded. He's gonna strip it apart and sell it piecemeal

JOE

Horseshit! We spent all last week getting union concession

ROGER

Sure, he needs the unions so he can keep it running while he looks for buyers.

Shock now spreading across Joey's face...

ROGER (O.S.)

Our law firm's handling the breakup.
He's gonna sell it right down to
the typewriters

(opens his briefcase, puts
documents on the coffee table)

...sales agreements for the DC-10s --
bought for 25 million in '78 -- worth 37
million now...his price tag on the 737s,
the airport gates, the hangars, the routes...

Handing more pages to Joey who sits there numbly, a sickening
feeling taking hold of him. The camera and Music track
and trap him tighter and tighter as Barnes' voice resonates
distantly in the background.

ROGER (O.S.)

...the real plum's the pension fund.
You got 75 million sitting in there.
For fifty million he can buy annuities
for the employees and walk off with
the rest...6000 employees get 50 mill,
Gekko scores 25 mill...the man did
his homework...He figures if he breaks
up Northstar, it's worth 23 bucks a
share. So I suggest we buy up to 23,
then short it...

INT. RECEPTION AREA - GEKKO'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe walks intently past the receptionist and down the long
white marble hall into:

INT. NATALIE'S DESK - DAY

Natalie is on the phone. Joe marches past her desk.

NATALIE

Yes, he wants to change that appointment
to...

(cupping the receiver) .

Joe -- you can't go in there. He's
in a meeting!

He ignores her and throws open Gekko's door.

INT. GEKKO'S OFFICE - DAY

Gekko is talking with the LAWYERS and BANKERS from the Northstar deal, as Joe barges in.

GEKKO (looks up)
I didn't know we had a meeting
scheduled for this morning.

JOE
I'm sorry, this can't wait.

Gekko stares at him with piercing eyes.

GEKKO
Will you gentlemen excuse us for
a few minutes.

The lawyers and bankers get up and discreetly leave the room.
Gekko waits for them to go, turns back to Joe.

GEKKO
What the hell do you want?

JOE
I found out about the garage sale
down at Northstar. Why?

Gekko is taken by surprise.

GEKKO
Last night I read Rudy the story of
Winnie the Pooh and the Honey pot.
Know what happened: He stuck his nose
in that honey pot once too often and
got stung.

JOE
Maybe you ought to read him Pinocchio.
You told me you were going to
turn Northstar around. Not upside down.
You used me.

GEKKO (sneers at the innuendo)
You're walking around blind without a
cane, sport. A fool and his money are
lucky to get together in the first place.

JOE
Why do you need to wreck this company?

GEKKO
Because it's wreckable.

JOE (pleading)

If these people lose their jobs, they got nowhere to go. My father's worked at Northstar for twenty-four years. I gave 'em my word.

GEKKO (hard)

It's all about bucks kid, the rest is conversation... (loosening)
Joe, you're still going to be president. And when the time comes, you'll parachute out a rich man. With the money you're going to make, your father won't have to work another day in his life.

JOE

Tell me, Gordon -- when does it all end? How much is enough?

GEKKO (smiles coolly)

It's a zero sum game, sport. Somebody wins and somebody loses. Money itself isn't lost or made, it's simply transferred from one perception to another. Like magic. You create the illusion that you have something somebody else wants. That illusion becomes real. And the more real it becomes, the more desperately they want it. Capitalism at its finest. The richest one percent of this country own half the country's wealth: 5 trillion dollars. One third of that comes hard work, two thirds of it comes from inheritance, interest on interest and what I do -- stock and real estate speculation. Ninety percent of the American people have little or no net worth. I create nothing, I own. We make the rules, Joey, the news, war, peace, famine, upheaval; the cost of a paper clip.

(picking one up)

We pull the rabbit out of the hat while everybody else sits around their whole life wondering how we did it...

(crosses to Joe)

...you're not naive enough to think we're living in a democracy are you Joey? You're one of us now...take advantage of it. You got the killer instinct, kid, stick with me. I got things to teach you...

As he puts his arm around Joe, leading him to the door.

GEKKO

Believe me Joey, I was gonna discuss this with you at the right time. Look why don't you calm down and come to the apartment for dinner tonight. Bring Darien...

JOE (at the door, confused, drained)

...I can't make it tonight

GEKKO

Are you with me Joey?

He turns at the door to look at Joe. A look of unmistakable power...and danger.

GEKKO

I want you with me
(waits)

JOE (relenting)

I'm with you Gordon...

He walks out the door, the misery he is in washing his brow...

GEKKO (to Natalie)

...be another minute, Natalie

As he crosses back to the coffee table and punches up a phone number.

GEKKO

This is Gordon Gekko. Now...
(a beat, with controlled rage)
I want zip-locked mouths on Northstar,
or I'm gonna personally come down there
and rip out your tongues!

EXT. GEKKO OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Joe walks out, heading up the street, absent amid the scurrying mid-day hordes tearing up the street for the loot inside.

EXT. JOE CONDO - TWILIGHT

Darien approaches, carrying groceries, enters the building.

INT. JOE CONDO - TWILIGHT/NIGHT

Joe is slumped on the couch, a spent bottle of tequila in front of him. Outside the twilight is quickening into night, shadows scurrying across the unlit room...

Darien opens the door and freezes, surveying the living room. A broken vase on the carpet, a curtain ripped off a window, a painting upended, a chair overturned, selected but not frenzied damage...

DARIEN

Joe?...what's going on

She puts down the grocery bags, frightened.

JOE

I been played like a grand piano--
by the master, Gekko the Great...
and today was the big crash.
Liquidation sale. He's gonna carve
Northstar into little pieces and
sell it all off...

Darien registering this, is picking up pieces of the broken vase.

DARIEN

I'm sorry. I was afraid something like
this could happen.

JOE

I handed it to him on a silver platter.
I told my father and those people...

DARIEN

Joey, it's not your fault, and it's not
your decision

JOE (evenly)

I'm not gonna let it happen Darien

She stops, lights a cigarette, growing concern.

DARIEN

Don't cross Gordon. He'll crush you.
You've worked hard to get where you are.
If Gordon doesn't buy Northstar
someone else will; and who's to say
they won't do the same thing

JOE

At least I wouldn't be pulling the trigger

She sighs...comes over, takes a tug on the tequila bottle.

DARIEN

You realize...you'd be throwing
away your future?

JOE

I can stay with the brokerage firm.
And you're doing fine. We can survive
without Gordon Gekko.

DARIEN (pointed)

I'm not looking to just survive. I've
been doing that all my life.

JOE (getting the drift)

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

Darien moves out from his approximate circle, wrestling with
what she wants to say...until she turns and says it.

DARIEN

That if you make an enemy of Gordon
Gekko, I won't be there to stand by you

Joe is stunned...and hurt.

JOE

You really mean that?

(lashing out)

What'd he promise you? To take you public?
I guess without Gordon's money and seal
of approval, I'm not such a hot investment
anymore. You're just the best money
can buy, Darien...

DARIEN

You're not exactly pure as driven snow
Joe, so don't play St. Francis. You
went after Gekko with the same vengeance
you went after me. Look in the mirror
before you judge others.

JOE (glaring at her)

I'm looking...and I sure don't like
what I see

She collects her things and walks to the door.

DARIEN

Fair enough...but it's not that simple
Joe. When I was down and had nothing

(CONTINUED)

DARIEN (Cont'd)

it was Gordon and Kate who helped me.
They got me many clients -- you among
them...(snaps her fingers) And they
can take it away like that.

(a beat)

You may find out one day -- that when
you've had money and lost it -- it's
worse than never having had it at all.

(opens the door, saddened)

The fact is...I really do care for you.
I think we could've made a good team...
but that's how it goes...I'm sorry...

She goes...Joe stares at the closed door, mute, numb, totally
devastated...the loss is not just Darien, it is total...He
looks at his face in the reflection of a wall mirror...

EXT. JOE'S BEACH HOUSE - BRIDGEHAMPTON - DAY

Heavy surf pounding on a windy day. Joe stands at the new
house, surveying the wreckage of his dreams...the house
seems so empty...

He rips the SOLD STICKER off a signpost so that it once again
reads FOR SALE.

He walks the sand, barefoot, and flops down into a position
of collapse, letting the waves wash around him...in closing
on him we see his face disfigured by tears dried by the sea wind.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe walks in, in a clean suit and shirt, eyes obviously humbled,
past CAROLYN and JANET at the outter desk. They stop what
they're doing and look at him surprised.

JOE (not noticing)

Janet get me the pilot rep at Northstar
on the line. Right away

CAROLYN

Joe! Where you been?

He picks up the tone in her voice right away.

JOE (whispered fear)

What happened?

CAROLYN (looks at Janet)

Your father...he

JOE

What!

CAROLYN

... had another heart attack honey,
two days ago but he's all right.
He's at St. John's in Queens...

JOE

Oh Christ!

INT. JOE'S BMW - DAY

Joe weaving fast through traffic.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Joe races past the nurse desks and down the hallway.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Joe's MOTHER is outside with Dominick Amato and another Neighbor just visiting, bringing candies...

JOE

Mom! How is he?

MOM (shaken)

...he was complaining about chest pains
at work. Next thing I know he collapsed...
Oh Joey, talk to him, he's so stubborn

DOMINICK (to Joe)

...don't worry, he's got another 20 years
in him. He's a tough ol nut your Dad...

Joe enters the room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The blinds are drawn. His Dad lies there, tubes down his nose, hooked up to an IV unit and monitors. Joe comes over. Carl, glassy-eyed, significantly frailer, nods to him. It's obvious that more damage was done than Joe expected. Mom comes into the room with him, stands there.

JOE

Hiya Dad...

(sits, smiles)

What was it? Mom talked too much or
was it her spaghetti? I mean pasta...

(Mom bringing a handkerchief to her
eyes)

I told you never to lift a 747 by yourself...

Carl smiles weakly.

JOE

...second one Dad, you're pushing your luck, I guess you know that...I guess... you gotta pull through this one...I guess I never told you but...I love you Dad...I love you more than I ever...

(begins to weep)

I didn't mean those things I said to you...to me, you're a hero all the way Dad...the best...

Embarrassed he wipes his eyes.

JOE

...and you were right about Gekko.
He's one son of a bitch...through and through

Carl stares at him, beginning to understand.

JOE

He's gonna break up Northstar

Carl reacts violently in his eyes but Joe soothes him...in dead earnest, trying to be deliberate and clear in his meaning.

JOE

...but I gotta plan Dad, it can work, I can save the airline, I know you got no reason to believe me but I want you to trust me...I need to talk to the unions...Can I speak for you?

Carl's eyes.

JOE

Your words Dad, not mine...

Carl blinks, nods weakly.

JOE (quietly hopeful)

You're gonna make it Dad...we both are...
I love you...remember that, I love you.

Gets up as a NURSE crosses into the room, signalling an end to the conversation to Mom. They walk out.

INT. MCGREGOR'S BAR - QUEENS - DAY

Joe is seated at a corner table with the NORTHSTAR UNION REPS: Duncan Wilmore, ALPA LEADER and Toni Carpenter, AFA rep; also joined by machinists, Dominick Amato and Charley Dent sitting in for his father's union.

JOE

...the stock's at 19 1/4 and it's going up. Gekko figures by breaking up Northstar, it's worth \$26. That means he's not going to pay any more than \$24 a share in order to see a profit.

WILMORE

How do you know that the stock is going to go up?

JOE (pointedly)

You really don't want to know any more than that, Mr. Wilmore. Let's just say I have some friends.

WILMORE (getting his drift)

Okay. What happens then?

JOE

When the stock hits 24, you guys go to Gekko and lower the boom. Once he learns he has no union concession, he's going to head for the hills.

TONI CARPENTER

Yeah. But who's going to buy then and what's to prevent another shark from coming along and devouring us?

INT. PIERRE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Joe, Duncan Wilmore, Toni Carpenter, Dominick and Charley, an unlikely looking group in the plushness of the hotel lobby, step up to the desk.

JOE

We have an appointment to see Mr. Wildman.

INT. WILDMAN SUITE - DAY

Lofty windows overlooking the Park, an impeccably-decorated suite with coffee and rolls laid out, a young AIDE answering the phones that keep ringing. Joe and the others are on sofas around the imposing figure of Wildman in a chair across.

JOE

Sir Lawrence, what would you say to owning Northstar Airlines with union concessions -- at \$18 a share...and in the process leave Mr. Gekko out to hang in the wind?...

Sir Lawrence leans back in his chair, equably...

WILDMAN

I might be very interested...buy why mate? why you?

JOE

Let's just say a conflict of interest. I want to see this airline work... (pointing to the documents in front of Wildman)... the figures in there show it can

WILDMAN (to the others)

...and you're prepared to take these large salary cuts?

WILMORE

...we are. But we want a contract agreement that if you buy it, you can't break it up

WILDMAN (hands behind his head)

I'm still listening...

INT. JOE BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

Joe hurries in, past Marv on the phone with an irate customer.

MARV

Well, if that's how you feel -- fuck you too. And strong letter to follow!

He slams the phone down.

JOE

You don't have to agree with me Marv; but I think I've been a bit of a schmuck lately
(beat, waits)

MARV (off the cuff)
I agree. Go thou and sin no more

JOE
I want to make it up to you. Northstar.
Put all your clients in it.

MARV (animated, grabs the phone)
Thanks buddy, buddy, I'm back

Joe intersecting Lou Davis smoking a cigarette and having a hard time walking.

JOE
Northstar Mr. Davis. Put all your clients in it.

Davis looks gravely at Joe.

LOU
I don't know where you get your information, son, but I don't like it. The only reason I'm gonna do it is...I need the money, and that's the problem with money -- it makes you do things you don't want to do

Joe hears him, walks on...

MARV (into phone)
Miss Bloom, I got good news and bad news, which one do you...okay okay. You got cancer in your portfolio, but I got the cure...Northstar Airlines...

INT. JOE OFFICE - DAY

Joe on the phone, checking his quotron.

JOE
Listen I need a favor and it's a quick scalp for you. Two hundred thousand at 19 1/2; can you position it in one of your equity funds.

JANET (voicebox)
...call waiting on 7.

JOE
Hold on...(switches over, hushed)...listen "blue horseshoe loves Northstar Airlines"...

Immediately goes back to the other line.

INT. THE WALL STREET JOURNAL OFFICES - DAY

The REPORTER, who Joe anonymously called on the earlier American Steel buy, hangs up. He rises from his desk and crosses the busy news floor, over to his EDITOR.

WSJ REPORTER
Northstar's in play.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

A RUNNER dashes up to the NORTHSTAR AIRLINES post, where a heated crowd is gathered, amidst heavy trading. He elbows his way over to a TRADER, handing him the ticket. The TRADER holds up the buy order, screaming, making frantic hand signals, in search of a seller. Faces in the crowd look up at the broad tape.

CAMERA TILTS TO:

NORTHSTAR (N STAR), the stock quote flashing across the BROAD TAPE -- upticking to 20 5/8.

INT. BROKERAGE OFFICE - DAY

Marv, on the phone pitching, eyes glued to the office TAPE -- as N STAR jumps to 21 1/4.

MARV
I love it...I do love it so!

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

The quotron now climbs to 22 1/8!

JOE (into phone)
Yeah. I see it at 22 1/8 and I don't know what to make of it.

INT. GEKKO'S OFFICE - DAY

He paces on the other end of the phone, fuming. Alexis and Susan seen in b.g.

GEKKO
The word is out. There must be a leak. Get me in at a 45 degree angle and I mean all the way in! Slash and burn, buy every share you can get up to 24. Then call me.

Raising his voice, agitated, Gekko glances at his quotron as the stock ticks up another 1/8th.

INT. JOE BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

All the BROKERS have jumped into the action, avidly watching Northstar's climb on the BROAD TAPE. Joe sweeps into the room and looks up at the board as the stock hits 23 7/8!

MARV

The stock's going to Pluto!

JOE

Start unloading

MARV

Sell?

JOE

Now! Tell everyone to dump!

Marv nods, and rushes away. Joe crosses past Davis' office.

JOE

Get out of Northstar!

In background Marv is spreading the word, brokers frantically grabbing phones, calling clients to sell.

INT. GEKKO'S OFFICE - DAY

Gekko looks up from his quotron and shouts to his troops on the phones.

GORDON

Who the hell's out there? What are the arbs saying? It's gotta be a big hitter

ALEXIS

They don't know what's going on!

SUSAN

Everybody and his mother is buying!

Natalie enters the room, flustered.

NATALIE

Mr. Gekko, there's a whole batch of people from Northstar Airlines outside demanding to see you.

GEKKO

What the hell do they want?

DUNCAN WILMORE (O.S.)

I'd be happy to tell you

As Duncan, Toni Carpenter, Dominick Amato, Charley Dent and SEVERAL other assorted UNION MEMBERS march into the room. Gekko is taken by surprise, but stays calm.

WILMORE

We know what you're up to, Gekko, and let me tell you this from here (hits his heart), you suck eggs, mister, over my dead body you ain't gonna break up Northstar!

GEKKO (calmly, lying thru his teeth) You guys must know something nobody else knows. If those are my plans, it's the first I've heard of it.

CARPENTER

Would you care to put that in writing?

GEKKO (coldly)

I'd like to remind you we already have an agreement, which I expect you to honor.

WILMORE

Well in that case, I hope you have your pilot's license.

DOMINICK AMATO

Don't worry, Gekko, we wouldn't let the engines fall out of the plane.

TONI CARPENTER (regretfully)

But the reservations systems can get awfully screwed up, if we're not paying attention.

CHARLEY DENT

And a lot of baggage headed to St. Petersburg could easily find its way to Pittsburgh.

GEKKO

Listen, you clowns, there's somebody else out there trying to buy your airline, so if you want to be Pac-manned and gobbled by Atilla the Hun be my guest!

WILMORE
We'll take our chances.
(tips his hat)
Nice to see you again, Gekko.

They file out of the room. The phone lines have lit up like a Christmas tree. Alexis answers a call.

ALEXIS (to Gekko)
Fox says Northstar just hit 24. What
do you want him to do?

GEKKO (fractional pause, mad)
Sell it all.
(then, evenly)
What the hell, so I'll only make fifty million.

INT. JOE OFFICE - DAY

Joe switches lines from Gekko to Larry Wildman.

JOE
Gekko's on the ropes -- he's selling

INT. WILDMAN OFFICE - DAY

A well-appointed European-slanted office, Wildman listening with an AIDE, lights a cigar.

WILDMAN
Well then...guess I'll have to carry him
a few rounds before he drops

Switches lines, checking his quotron...

WILDMAN
Northstar. Don't make a big deal. Buy
it lightly on the way down.
(emphatically)
When it hits 18 -- buy it all

ITN. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR - DAY

Wildman's broker takes the order with a curt "got it" and dashes out of the cubicle over to the Northstar post where a chaotic crowd is gathered, traders frantically screaming to sell Northstar Shares. He looks at the Big Board -- sees an N Star drop to 23. When he raises his hand to buy, he is mobbed.

DISSOLVING TO:

The Big Board...a series of snappy dissolves accompanied by lively butterfly music shows the stock price falling to 18 1/2...

INT. GEKKO OFFICE - DAY

Alex, Ollie Steeples, Susan on the phones.

OLLIE

The arbs are getting killed. Where'd the buyers go!

ALEX (worried)

We're being devoured Gordon

Harold Solomon, walking on egg shells, looks to Gekko, who sits with the phone receiver crooked to his neck.

HAROLD

There's got to be a way out of this, Gordon

GEKKO (livid)

Yeah Harold, why don't you dial 911.

(into the receiver)

Joe, where the hell are you? I'm losing millions

(a beat)

Look, you got me into this airline, and you damn well better get me out. Because if you don't the only job you're going to get on the Street, is sweeping it!

INTERCUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe scribbling an order ticket, replies on the other end.

JOE

Look, I don't make the market, Gordon! The market makes the market. The bid is 18. I suggest you take it.

Joe moves the phone away from his ear, at Gekko's displeasure, and signs the ticket.

JOE (urgent)

Gordon, it's ten minutes to close. Tell me what you want to do.

GORDON (a long beat)

Dump it.

Joe hangs up and rushes off with the ticket.

INT. GEKKO DEN - NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

The 35" television is on to:

NEWSCASTER

The big Wall Street story tonight is the roller coaster ride of Northstar Airlines. Fueled by takeover rumors, the stock soared to an all-time high of 24 1/8. Then when contradictory rumors later surfaced that the takeover was unfounded, buyers went running for cover, and the stock plummeted to 18 by today's market close.

Camera discovers Gekko sitting, grimly watching the report. Teletype machine spewing paper, Rudy seen riding his toy car in b.g.

NEWSCASTER

...but then tonight, amidst all the scuttlebutt, another rumble shook the street.
(a beat)

According to many sources, raider Sir Lawrence Wildman has stepped in and bought a substantial block of Northstar, in what is perceived as a legitimate takeover bid.

Camera now tracks in close on Gekko as he absorbs the unexpected blow. O.S. Rudy yelling and squealing. Gekko leans back, putting the pieces together, his eyes narrowing into burning slits.

EXT. WALL STREET - MORNING

People rushing to work. Joe crosses the street, his face buried in a Wall Street Journal. Insert: "SIR LAWRENCE WILDMAN MOUNTS NORTHSTAR BUY."

Satisfied, Joe folds the paper and heads into his office building.

INT. JOE BROKERAGE OFFICE - DAY

He walks past Carolyn the receptionist who is strangely mute...

JOE

Smile, Carolyn, there's justice
in the world...

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

He passes Marvin and the CHINESE STOCKLADY. They see him and manage to look away, talking to each other. Joe notices, wonders...the whole office seems too silent, the other BROKERS stealing glances.

...as he passes Lou Davis

JOE

How's it going Mr. Davis. Got out of
Northstar in time I hope?

Davis stops, winds up. Joe impatient but polite

LOU (with gruff affection)

Joe I like you, just remember something.
Man looks in the abyss, there's nothing
staring back at him. At that time a
man finds his character -- and that
character is what keeps him out of the
abyss...

(a beat, looks deeply)

JOE

I think I understand what you mean Mr. Davis

But not really. As, on this increasingly strange morning,
he moves on past Janet who wants to tell him something but
he cuts her off.

JOE

Get my father will you Janet?

INT. JOE OFFICE - DAY

As Joe walks in, the camera glides to reveal the young S.E.C.
INVESTIGATOR, who has been tracking Joey, standing at his desk,
using his phone. A SECOND MAN is stashing Joe's files into
cartons as a bored-looking DETECTIVE and POLICEMAN stand
off to the side with Tom Lynch, who gives Joe a withering glance.

SEC INVESTIGATOR (into phone)
He just came in. I'll talk to you later.

On Joe -- a struck-dumb look passing to resignation, as if
for a long time now, he had been expecting this.

JOE
I guess you're not here to open an IRA

SEC INVESTIGATOR
Mr. Fox, I'm Evan Morrissey with the
Securities Exchange Investigative Office...
(presents his ID, indicates Man 2)
This is Mr. Agostini from the Justice
Department. We have some questions we'd
like to ask you, regarding alleged illegal
profits and violations of security laws...

EXT. SHEEPS MEADOW - CENTRAL PARK - TWILIGHT

Long shot. Activity is winding down, a few sunbathers collecting
their blankets. A solitary figure stands on a hill silhouetted
by the sunset. A second figure appears on a footpath and
starts climbing the hill towards the other man.

Gekko waits, expressionless...Joe approaches him. They stand
facing each other.

GEKKO
Hello Joe

JOE
...Gordon

GEKKO
You sandbagged me on Northstar
(smiles)
I guess you think you taught the teacher
a lesson, that you can make the tail
wag the dog, huh?

Joe looks away. Gekko's smile fades.

GEKKO
Well let me cue you in: the ice is melting
under your feet sport...

Without warning, he grabs Joey roughly by the lapels and
lets out his inner rage with a series of smacks and slaps
across his face, unchoreographed and somewhat awkward.

GEKKO

You think you could've gotten this far this fast with anybody else? No, you'd be cold calling dentists and widows to buy twenty shares of some dog stock! I took you in! A nobody! I opened doors for you!...I showed you how the system works!...

Gekko slapping him harder and harder, Joey staggering with the blows, saying nothing, not defending himself.

GEKKO CONT.

...the value of information! How to get it! American Steel, Brant Resources, Geodynamics, Fulham Oil -- you could've been rich! And this is how you payback, you cockroach!

He backhands Joe across the face. Joe lies on the ground, spent, as is Gordon breathing hard. Joe gets to his knees, blood streaming from his nose, his suit muddled. Passersby look on, wondering.

Gekko seems to relent, the rage going into hurt, remorse. He hands Joe a handkerchief. Joe staunches the flow of blood from his nose.

GEKKO (softly, innocently)

You could've been one of the great ones Joe...I look at you and see myself... You could've been my own son. Why?

Joe looks at Gordon, torn by mixed emotions: the bonds they share and the betrayal wrought.

JOE (shakes his head, thoughtfully)

I don't know. My Dad once told me, "money is something you need in case you don't die tomorrow." I guess I realized I'm Joe Fox. And as much as I wanted to be Gordon Gekko -- I'll always be Joe Fox.

He looks at Gordon, as if wanting to say more, but doesn't.

In long shot, Gordon stands alone as Joe walks away.

EXT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN RESTAURANT - EVENING

The DOORMAN looks askance. Joe, mud-splattered suit and bloody nose, walks straight past him, thru the door.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Several well-heeled DINERS look up from their haute cuisine, at the sight of Joe making his way toward the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tight on Joe, staring at his reflection in the mirror, as he unbuttons his shirt, revealing adhesive tape swathed across his chest. Camera paces back as he winces when...

MORRISSEY and AGOSTINI, the two investigators, rip the tape off his chest, retrieving a small tape recorder. Morrissey of the S.E.C. rewinds the cassette. We hear Gekko's voice being played back on the tape, the mention of their deals.

MORRISSEY

You did the right thing, Joe.

Joe looks searchingly in the mirror. Feint CLICKING noise comes up over the shot.

INT. JOE BROKERAGE OFFICE HOUSE - DAY

CLICKING of the Broad Tape grows LOUDER. Shots of Lou Davis, Lynch, Marv; silently looking up at the green fluorescent print-out.

THE TAPE -- THE S.E.C. TODAY ANNOUNCED CRIMINAL CHARGES AGAINST CORPORATE RAIDER GORDON GEKKO AND STOCK BROKER JOE FOX, FOR ILLEGAL TRADING ON INSIDE INFORMATION, VIOLATIONS OF SECURITY ACTS, AND TAX EVASION...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARL FOX'S HOUSE - QUEENS - DAY

Carl, dressed in a suit and tie, sits at the dining table, finished breakfast plates in front of him, refilling his coffee cup. The Mom clearing off the table, anxious...

as Joe walks in, wearing a suit and tie. He looks tired, beaten, the eyes lifeless.

MOM (disapproving)

...don't wear that tie Joey, it...

She cuts off on Joe's look.

CARL
Another cup of coffee?

JOE
No, thanks, I'm nervous enough

CARL (checks his watch)
I guess it's time to hit the road

JOE
Yeah don't want to be late for my own trial...

INT. CARL FOX SEDAN - LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

Driving towards the Federal Courtrooms in Lower Manhattan.
Busy traffic all around.

CARL (supportively)
...you tell the truth, you got nothing to be nervous about. You've got a good lawyer, you gave the money back. All things considered -- in this cockamamie world -- you're shooting par...you went to pee in the tall weeds with the big dogs but they were bigger than you, now you gotta start over again...and there's always gonna be somebody better and somebody worse than you huckleberry, don't compare yourself, be yourself, and be proud of it, you did good...you saved the airline and the people there are gonna remember you for it...

(pause)
...if I was you I'd think about taking that Northstar job Wildman offered you...

JOE (nervously fixing his tie)
Well depends what happens today...could be behind bars tonight...

CARL
I don't think so...they're gonna put you on probation and you're never gonna be able to trade again, but that's the best thing that could happen to you kiddo... stop trading and go produce something with your life, create, don't live off the buying and selling of others...

Joe stares ahead, registering it.

